

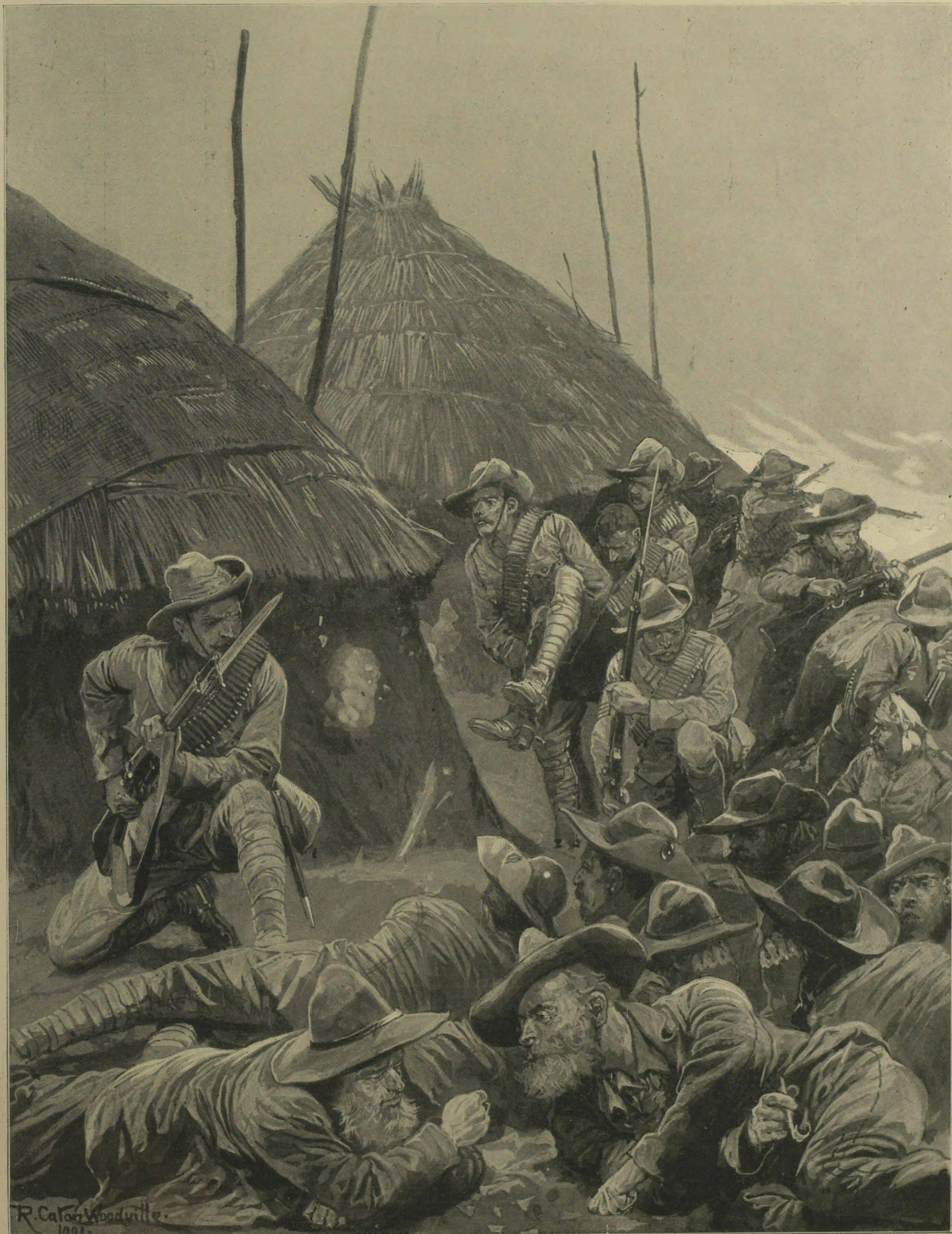
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



GUARDING BOER PRISONERS BETWEEN THE FIRST AND SECOND ACTIONS OF JUNE 6 NEAR REITZ.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

On June 6, near Reitz, Major Sladen overtook and captured a Boer convoy, including seventy-one wagons and forty-four Cape carts. He drew them up on a kopje, and within a short time both capturers and captured were surrounded by another force of Boers. The prisoners were told to lie down and forbidden to rise on pain of death. None moved save a truculent Boer minister, who stole away to the enemy.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The Pan-Celtic Congress lately sitting in Dublin lighted upon a branch of the clothes philosophy overlooked even in "Sartor Resartus." Carlyle himself never contemplated such an evolution of clothes as would make a citizen's costume attest his race, temperament, and political opinions. With deeper insight, the Pan-Celts have discovered that a symbolic dress is needed for their way of thinking. The Pan-Celt should be known at a glance by his outer man. Whether it be a kilt, or a pattern in checks, or a special kind of button, there ought to be a distinctive badge for the whole clan. Then you would know a Pan-Celt at sight, and approach him in the proper spirit, or observe him at a respectful distance. The auctioneer in "Edwin Drood" wrote his own epitaph, which, after reciting his achievements, brought them home to the world in this fashion: "Stranger, pause, and ask thyself this question, 'Canst thou do likewise?' If not, with a blush retire." The retiring blush, no doubt, would dye many an Anglo-Saxon cheek at the sight of the Pan-Celtic battle-array.

But why should we not all be known by the cut of our sartorial jib, so to speak? It would be most edifying to single out of a crowd the estimable divine who has lately announced that his countrymen in South Africa are committing the barbarities of Nebuchadnezzar. The letter "N," tastefully worked in scarlet silk on the reverend gentleman's coat-tails, might reveal his frame of mind to thoughtful spectators. But this is a point on which the average man would defer to the genius of the tailor. I may humbly offer a device that would suggest the righteous indignation with which the estimable divine sits upon Nebuchadnezzar, ancient and modern; but it is for the tailor to give the real touch of illuminating fancy to this etiquette. Let his ingenuity have free scope, and he will express us in all our dispositions. At present we dress with depressing sameness. Two summers ago it was a mark of distinction to wear a Panama hat in town. To-day the Panama is universal, and the romance of the sombrero is dead. It is no use ordering a flannel suit of a particularly delicate tint of grey, for the first morning you put it on you meet the person you dislike above all men, and in one glance of loathing perceive that he has had precisely the same inspiration. Now, a masterful tailor would have expressed him in a bilious shade of yellow. He should look civil as an orange, and somewhat of that jealous complexion. I mean the orange at that advanced stage when it takes a tinge of green, and is used in primitive circles as a missile.

A medical authority tries to frighten women by telling them that their straw hats are full of bacilli. When the hat-pin is withdrawn from the hat, the bacillus adheres to it, knowing that a woman always puts her hat-pins in her mouth while readjusting the hat on her head. I asked a lady what she thought of the bacillus, and his artfulness; and she remarked that when the hat-pin is withdrawn, any bacillus that may be silly enough to be lurking there must be scraped off. Further, she said that at this time of the year the bacillus tries to cut out the sea-serpent, and that no sensible person will swallow either. This scepticism may strike cautious people as rather flippant. Years ago a medical journal enlarged upon the perils of the shampoo. You put your head in a basin, inhale the vapours from the waste-pipe, where the noxious germs are lying in wait, and in about forty years you are a dead man. Doctors may say you died of old age, or delude your family with some equally frivolous explanation, not knowing that on a certain day in the preceding century you received your quietus in a barber's basin. I have never forgotten that lesson; and now, when I see the death-trap yawn, I hold my breath, and the noxious germs die of chagrin.

Does your hair come out in the morning? A cheerful philosopher of my acquaintance assures me that when this happens to him he collects the vagrant tresses, ties them up with blue ribbon, and sends them to a maiden aunt, who keeps a museum of family relics. "She is a romantic old lady," he says, "and I believe she hopes that a future generation will regard them as the scalps of disconsolate wooers." Cynicism of that kind makes me wish that her nephew were settled in Japan, where, as a German physician tells us, the Europeans are suffering from an epidemic of baldness. It is a mysterious affliction, for the hair comes out of the back of the head. Here the normal course of baldness discloses your bump of reverence to an admiring world, leaving the backward declivity fairly well covered. Imagine the feelings of a man who finds the curls on his brow still luxuriant, and the base of his skull laid bare! Moreover, the whisker decays on one side of the face, and you may awake one morning with half a moustache. Lovely woman in Japan has no back-hair to let down at a tragic moment. Can this be the revenge of the bacillus for our frivolous mockery? Suppose that instead of sticking to the

hair-pin, he is burrowing at the roots of those locks which flow like a cascade over alabaster shoulders? Or is the German physician, who sounds this alarm in a London newspaper, eager to frighten us out of the Far East? Perhaps we shall learn presently that British eyebrows are disappearing in the Yangtse Valley.

My correspondent who reproved Major Karri Davies last week for having refused the distinction of C.B. should ponder a letter I have received from Huddersfield. "It will be generally conceded that we live in an age of title-hunters and time-servers, 'where none will sweat but for promotion.' When, therefore, 'a rare spirit' arises who is obviously 'not for the fashions of these times,' in that he considers himself amply rewarded by the knowledge of duty performed, we are constrained to yield to such an one admiration and our thanks. May I add that the officer in question is perfectly consistent in adopting his present attitude, having suffered imprisonment in Pretoria gaol for his part in connection with the Reform movement of 1896, rather than obtain his release by 'humbly petitioning' Paul Kruger?" This is an interesting reminder, although it does not exactly follow, perhaps, that because Major Davies declined to beg the grace of Mr. Kruger, consistency bound him to refuse the reward of his services in this campaign. But it is worthy of note that the man who shows this singular indifference to his own personal aggrandisement is regarded by some moralists as a desperate plotter, prompted by lust of gold and power to despoil a virtuous people with the aid of Nebuchadnezzar.

Mr. Howells seems to be devoting his spare time to the invention of devices for checking the popularity of "inferior fiction." He thinks that free libraries should not issue a novel until it is a year old. This is ingenious, for, as most novels are forgotten long before the end of that period, the libraries would not find it worth while to buy them at all; the new novels would be excluded from the shelves during the brief and gnat-like buzz of their existence; and so, by an automatic process, the "inferior fiction" would be kept out of the hands of the borrowing multitude. The plan would not work, of course; but that does not lessen its attractiveness for a professional weaver of romance. Mr. Howells evidently cherishes the hope that it would increase the sale of good novels during the year of probation, and that they would have sufficient stamina after that to charm the free-library public. But in a country where popular literature is sold as "dry goods," how can Mr. Howells expect to compete with the novelists he despises? You enter Mr. Wanamaker's store in Philadelphia in quest of hosiery or hardware, and the smiling shopman proposes to enlarge your parcel with a copy of the latest tale of blood. It makes but a trifling addition to the bill, and your curiosity is captivated. You start reading the tale of blood in the car on your way home, and get so absorbed that when you alight you leave your hosiery or hardware behind you. In the grip of the story-teller, you soon forget that annoyance. Moreover, you repair to Mr. Wanamaker again, and buy more hosiery or hardware, together with another volume of blood.

Mr. Howells feels this competition so acutely that he proposes a truly desperate remedy. He declares the habit of reading to be a vice. As it is idle to expect a dipsomaniac to become a moderate drinker, it is equally useless to expect the confirmed reader to limit himself to an occasional chapter of Mr. Howells. He must be induced to shut up books for ever and take to talk, because it is only by talking that he can educate himself to think. So if you have an apparently incurable novel-reader in your family, you had better apply this remedy, beginning, of course, with gentle measures. The unhappy patient should be engaged in conversation at all hours. It may be necessary to engage a professional nurse, warranted to talk all night. If the case should resist this treatment, you will have to send the patient to a talking-hospital, for such an institution is sure to come into existence in response to a crying need. It would have a powerful staff of talkers, easily recruited from our professors of anecdote, and trained to talk on Mr. Howells' scientific principle.

Alas! the priceless gift of talk is unequally distributed. Some people can discourse for hours at a stretch without the least symptom of exhaustion, while their auditors swim in the sea of words, like Mr. Holbein in the Channel, until they are nearly deaf and blind. Most of us have but a limited capacity of communicating our ideas in speech, and we are haunted by a dread of boring one another. With this thought in their minds, old friends will sit side by side without uttering a word. It is pathetic to hear Damon's lame excuse for stealing away from Pythias, and to see the relief with which Pythias betakes him to the evening paper when Damon has left the smoking-room. This makes me doubt the truth of Mr. Howells' proposition that talk is a great stimulus to thinking. Why must Damon meditate in solitude before he has a fresh stock of ideas to offer to the friend of his bosom?

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BECKY SHARP," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

To adapt Thackeray to the stage is the most difficult but attractive of tasks, because he is one of the most deliberate yet dramatic of novelists. So that Mr. Hichens and Mr. Gordon Lennox may well be excused and even applauded for composing so nearly successful a dramatization of "Vanity Fair" as is their "Becky Sharp." Their instinct was right in the choice of subject, and they wisely trace their heroine's career only from her secret marriage to the apex of her social success—the Gaunt House theatricals—and obtain an artistic conclusion in Rawdon Crawley's surprise of his wife and Lord Steyne, and the consequent failure of Becky's ambitions. Wisely, too, they omit Dobbin from their list of *dramatis personæ*, refuse to white-wash Osborne, and dismiss Amelia very quickly, though curiously enough. Rawdon, reformed, thus becomes practically their one sympathetic character. Unhappily they have striven to compose a drama of spectacle and incident rather than one of character and incident. Still, "Becky Sharp" is interesting, if long-winded and melodramatic, and it is admirably acted by Miss Marie Tempest, who at least realises all Becky's comedy moments; by Mr. Leonard Boyne, whose study of the loud, heavy, good-natured dragoon is only too pathetic; and by Mr. Gilbert Hare, who pictures the debauchee, Steyne, with hereditary finish and realism.

"A MAN OF HIS WORD," AT THE IMPERIAL.

"A Man of His Word," the play with which Mr. Herbert Waring has started management at the Imperial, is not an uninteresting specimen of drawing-room melodrama, but it scarcely affords Mr. Waring's histrionic powers very extensive scope. The actor has to represent an officer who promises to keep secret a comrade's act of cowardice, and finds himself charged with the crime. Mr. Boyle Lawrence's idea is obviously ingenious, if far-fetched, but the playwright develops his theme in purely arbitrary fashion, making one woman the subject of both men's devotion, and another the involuntary cause of the coward's confession. Throughout, too, this drama's artificial action the hero has to play a waiting game, and the villain's advent is eagerly expected. So that it is Mr. H. B. Irving as the coward rather than Mr. Waring as the martyr who has the best acting opportunities. As for the heroine, she is played by Miss Hilda Rivers, an actress possessed of a hard style, but equal to the undoubtedly strong emotional situations of the closing act, wherein also Mrs. Raleigh, in an adventuress rôle, creates a customarily good impression.

"A ROYAL RIVAL," ETC., AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

At the Duke of York's Theatre Mr. Lewis Waller gives his audience a full programme of romantic melodrama, and both his plays, curiously enough, have been adapted from the French by young English actors. One is a powerful one-act piece based on Victor Hugo's tale (see "Les Misérables") of the "Bishop's Candlesticks," and capably acted by Mr. A. E. George and its author, Mr. Norman McKinnel. The other, "A Royal Rival," is Mr. Gerald Du Maurier's attenuated but brightly written version of "Don Cesar de Bazan," staged some time ago in the suburbs, and then described in these columns as full of hackneyed situations and strangely devoid of emotional sentiment. Certain improvements, however, now effected in the presentation of Mr. Du Maurier's work—more elaborate mounting, the telescoping of the first two acts, and a more furious pace of acting—help to hide the play's essential thinness of theme and patchiness of construction. Happily, too, the three best performances of the Coronet production are still at the playwright's service—those of Miss Haidee Wright as the boy Pedro, of Miss Lily Hanbury as the heroine Maritana, and, above all, of Mr. Waller, whose rendering of Don Cesar is a veritable *tour de force* of boisterous energy, stirring declamation, and not too convincing gaiety.

"THE GIDDY GOAT," AT TERRY'S.

Charmingly dressed with its Frenchmen's picturesque striped trousers and flowing bows, the Parisian farce which Mr. Augustus Moore has adapted for Terry's Theatre and entitled "The Giddy Goat" contains such an amusing variation of an old idea—the meek young man mistaken for a gallant and pursued by all the women of his acquaintance—that a certain quantity of *double entendre* and the mere mechanical hide-and-seek game of the second act can be readily pardoned. The more so as an admirable and well-suited company, including Mr. James Welch as the maligned hero, Miss Fanny Brough as one of the poor rake's would-be victims, Miss Beatrice Ferrar as a *démônstrable terrible*, and Miss Ethel Clinton as a naughty maid-servant, always keep the fun of the little play rushing at breathless and break-neck speed. To call the dialogue "broad," however, is somewhat to understate its vulgarity.

## THE PIERPONT MORGAN LOAN COLLECTION.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan has done a favour to all lovers of the beautiful and the rare by his loan to the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington of twelve cases containing many of the gems of his great collection of *objets d'art*. Ivories, bronzes, delightful silver-work, enamels, china, and jewels are all mingled in bewildering but not disagreeable confusion as to style and century. The work of the Renaissance is that which recurs the most frequently. More examples of an earlier art would, of course, be welcome; such, for instance, as the beautiful example of French Gothic work—the volute of a crozier carved in ivory in the fourteenth century. Our largest illustration, representing a much later style, is of a nude unarmed Mars, strong in his own goodly array of muscles. Two pieces of jewellery, originally from the Manheim collection, are also the subjects of our illustrations. In the pendant, a swan is made fantastic use of, and is typical—according to the manner—of a time when jewellers were much in love with the forms of birds.



## THE POPE'S SUMMER QUARTERS.

The Pope has now been established for several weeks in his summer quarters in the gardens of the Vatican. He has his apartments in the Tower of Leo IV., near to which he has himself constructed several additional buildings. The walls of the ancient tower are exceedingly thick, and one of the deep window-embasures forms a little chapel, while the other contains his Holiness's bed. When the Pope goes to his *villeggiatura*, he drives from his chambers in the Vatican in his carriage, escorted by two members of the Garde Noble on horseback. As he passes along, everyone, even the gendarmes and the soldiery, sinks on one knee and salutes. In the gardens he has planted small vineyards, with the care of which he occupies himself. Near by he has a little chalet, where he rests on his walks. The gardens are very extensive, and the parterres are laid out in designs such as the arms of his Holiness and his name, with the title of Pontifex Maximus, wrought out in leafage and in flowers. At the back of the new buildings has been erected a pavilion, which serves as a waiting-room for the Cardinals, who in former times were obliged to remain outside, with the shelter that the trees afforded them, and exposed to mosquitoes or rain, as the case might be. Not far from the chalet is the Pope's aviary, where he keeps two ostriches. With his Holiness at the present time are his physicians, whom he has invited to lunch. Lunching with the Pope, however, is, owing to the strictness of Vatican etiquette, an affair of somewhat limited conviviality, for the guests cannot be in the same apartment as his Holiness, but have their table set on the other side of the curtain. The Pope's summer residence is known to the Italians as the Casino.

## "SHAMROCK II."

*Shamrock II.*, after several trial spins, with Sir Thomas Lipton on board, retains the high opinion formed of her by experts on her first arrival in American waters. In choosing the actual course of the race for his experimental runs, Sir Thomas has shown a wisdom which his American rival is being enjoined to follow. The general opinion is that the challenger is a thoroughly good boat, that she is being tuned up to proper form, and that her prospects of "lifting the Cup" are vastly better than were those of her predecessor a couple of years ago.

## RECENT NAVAL EVENTS.

H.M.S. *Centurion*, with Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, late Commander-in-Chief of the China Station, on board, arrived at Portsmouth on Aug. 19, and was immediately berthed by the side of the railway jetty. Among her distinguished visitors were Admirals Sir Charles Hotham, Sir Nowell Salmon, Sir Cyprian Bridge, and Pelham Aldrich. The dispute between France and Turkey resulted in an order for the *Cassard* to proceed to Turkey in support of the French claim. The United States cruiser *Chicago* has been dry-docked at Portsmouth, the Admiralty having lent a dock to the United States Naval Board as the authorities at Southampton did not wish to handle so large a vessel. The *Chicago*, in spite of the fact that she is smaller than several of our latest second-class cruisers, carries much more powerful guns than they. On the twenty-fourth of last month Dover welcomed the officers and men of the German war-ship *Stein*, which anchored in the Bay on the previous day. In the afternoon the crew of the vessel formed part of the procession through the town organised in aid of the Life-Boat Institution, and were entertained by the municipality. The Mayor and the Deputy Chairman of the Harbour Board gave a banquet to Captain Bachem, the commander of the *Stein*, his officers and cadets at the Town Hall in the evening. A new method of coaling war-vessels, known as the Temperley-Miller Cableway System, is shortly to be tried by the authorities. Mr. J. R. Temperley will supervise the tests.

The Great Northern Railway Company are making very extensive and complete arrangements in connection with this year's Doncaster races. The ordinary service of seventeen express trains from London will be fully maintained, and a number of additional special expresses will be run.

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## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## KING EDWARD VII. IN GERMANY.

Owing to his mourning, the King is unable to appear in the social circles which he used formerly to frequent at Homburg. Early every day, however, he is seen in the Park, and he drinks the waters at the usual hour.

taken, and the troops again moved forward to the next eminence, where they came under fire from a dummy battery posted on the edge of Crown Prince Wood. The battery was guarded by trenches, in which the heads of mimic defenders could be seen. To add to the realism of the artillery, small bombs were discharged by electricity under the guns; and at a few seconds' interval, other bombs, to represent burst shells, were discharged on the ground over which the troops were advancing. The scene

of course, heard as well as heard about; and Lord Castletown delivered the presidential address. Sports varied the discussion, and the ceremonies included the unsheathing of the Gorsedd sword.

## OUR RUSSIAN PICTURES.

The recent Russian military manoeuvres, which were carried out under the direct superintendence of the Grand



THE OSPREY.



THE CUCKOO-HAWK.

## NEW-COMERS TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Thereafter he follows the ordinary custom of taking a turn at a good pace up and down the Brunnen Allee, returning to the springs for his second glass. His Majesty is accompanied by some gentleman of his suite. He recently paid a visit to the Roman encampment at Saalburg, which the Emperor William is having restored exactly as it appeared in Roman times. In entering the fortifications, King Edward passed the statue of Antoninus Pius, which, as the Latin inscription declares, is dedicated to that Emperor by the German Emperor William II.

## PRACTICAL MUSKETRY AT ALDERSHOT.

A new departure in field-firing practice was made at Aldershot on Aug. 21, under the superintendence of General Sir Redvers Buller, on the Fox Hills. Near the Ash Ranges a wonderful disposition of mechanical targets had been contrived. At unexpected points the heads of a mechanical enemy would appear and disappear at intervals, while mechanical scouts and signallers were located in the hills. The idea of the day's operations was that an eastern force was holding the western edge of the Fox Hills, covering the retirement of their main body and the removal of stores by a railway in the rear. The opposing forces, acting under Major E. S. Brook, C.B., advanced upon them cautiously, firing at the mechanical enemy until the crest of the hills was reached. As soon as the advancing force came in view of the valley beyond, they found an extemporised railway with a signal-box and signal-posts, and a large inn, all strongly held by the enemy. Suddenly an armoured train, dashing across the open, attracted a hot rifle-fire, as it was supposed to cover the last of the store-trains. A mounted patrol then sprang into view; and the object of these dummies being the destruction of the line, they were subjected to a withering fire. In spite of this, however, a mine shortly exploded near the railway, and their plan was held to have succeeded. Meanwhile, heads were continually popping up and down at the signal-box windows, and at every window of the inn could be seen a man with a gun. Upon these, needless to say, a heavy fire was maintained, and a dummy man who suddenly emerged at a run from the front door would, had he been real, have had little chance of life. At last the house was held to have been

closely resembled that of a real engagement, and, amid so many distractions, the fire-discipline of the troops was put to a severe test. The whole of the arrangements were carried out under the direction of Captain E. L. Feilden, District Inspector of Musketry at Aldershot.

## THE PAN-CELTIC CONFERENCE.

The first Pan-Celtic Conference drew together in Dublin a large number of representatives from Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, Wales, the Isle of Man, and Brittany. The gathering was held under the auspices of the Celtic Association, a body formed to further "Celtic studies and mutual sympathy and co-operation between the various branches of the Celtic race in all matters

Duke Serge, included experiments with submarine mines, with war-balloons and kites, with the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy, and with pontoon-bridge making and the building of railway-lines. The Czar was present in person at the operations, in which he took a deep interest. Another illustration from St. Petersburg shows the Czar and Czaritz leaving the Church of Peter and Paul in the Nevsky Prospekt after the service held in memory of the late Empress Frederick.

## NEW-COMERS TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Within the last week or two, several additions have been made to the collection at the Zoological Gardens. One is a fine specimen of the white-tailed gnu, a native of the arid plains of South Africa. It has been familiarly described as having a bison's head and a horse's body and an antelope's legs. The mane is light-coloured, tipped with brown; the tail is long and creamy. Another addition is an osprey, one of the most cosmopolitan of birds of prey, which is found from Alaska to Brazil, from Lapland to Natal, from Japan to Tasmania. The third example is a cuckoo-hawk. Another addition, which we do not illustrate, is the cattle egret, which has not been exhibited before at Regent's Park. The bird is often called the buff-backed heron, and is a very beautiful example of its class.

## THE GRIMSBY LOCK-OUT.

The Grimsby lock-out has been more than a nine-days-wonder. The toilers of the sea are everywhere a population renowned for industry; and, like the miner, add to mere industry a pluck in facing risk of limb and life which has little or no pecuniary reward. The issue between the owners at Grimsby and their employés is, of course, the usual one affecting the conditions under which work is done and the fair remuneration it affords. The fishermen, the engineers, and the cooks have replied with a "not possible" to the scheme proposed by the masters. Meanwhile, much distress has been borne by the families of the strikers. To the Sustentation Fund Lord Yarborough has contributed three deer, and Lady Yarborough one deer and ten pounds.



A NEW-COMER TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS—THE WHITE-TAILED GNU.

affecting their language and national characteristics." The delegates wore their various national costumes, one of the most prominent being the Hon. William Gibson, eldest son of Lord Ashbourne, who has more or less familiarised Londoners with his Irish kilt. Mr. Napier gave an address on this subject, believing that a costume could be devised at a round-table to suit all tastes—a costume of compromise. The Irish language was,





THE GERMAN WAR-SHIP "STEIN" AT DOVER.

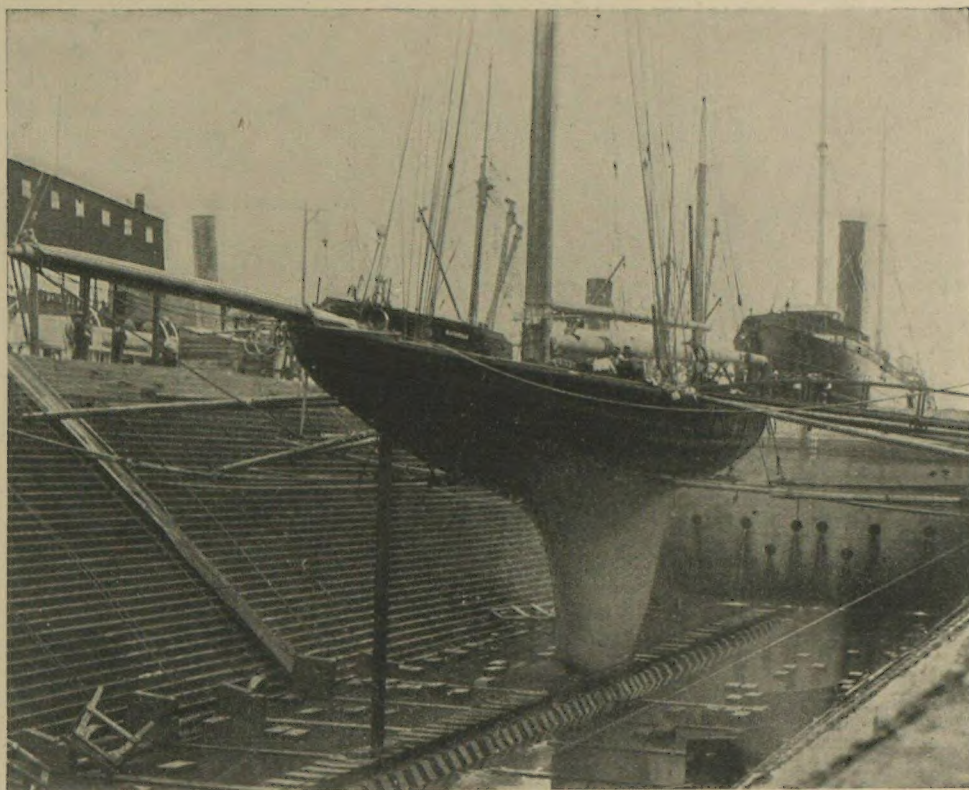


Photo. Bain, New York.

"SHAMROCK" II. IN DRY DOCK AT NEW YORK: REFITTING FOR THE CUP RACE.



SIR E. SATOW PRESENTING A MEDAL FOR GALLANTRY TO THE CHIEF PETTY OFFICER OF H.M.S. "ORLANDO."



DEPARTURE OF THE CZAR AND CZARITSA FROM THE PETER PAUL CHURCH, NEVSKY PROSPEKT, AFTER THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.



THE ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL ON AUGUST 24: HOLBEIN DISCUSSING HIS PROSPECTS



## PERSONAL.

The trouble between France and Turkey, after seeming to be allayed, became, at the end of last week, again acute. M. Constans, in audience with the Sultan, seemed to get satisfactory assurances about the purchase of Mediterranean quays and the monetary claims made by France and disputed by the Porte; but the matter ended there with words. For the Turkish Minister, the day after, called on M. Constans with a proposal entirely different from that which the Sultan had promised to sign. The French Minister, indignant, refused to reopen the matter, or to see the Sultan again. Then came threats and rumours of a naval demonstration, of a blockade, of the boycotting of Turkish stock on the Paris Bourse, of a blind eye on the doings of the Young Turkish party, of the rupture of diplomatic relations, of the seizure of a Customs station. The Porte, after promises of satisfaction, broke faith, and M. Constans left Constantinople on Aug. 26.

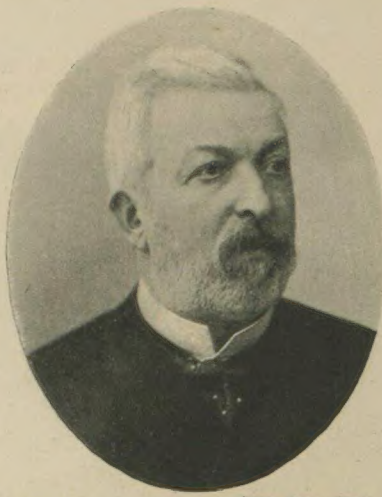


Photo. Boyer, Paris.

M. CONSTANS, French Ambassador recalled from Constantinople.

The Home Secretary has refused the petition for the release of Earl Russell. There is no doubt that the movement was prompted by the belief that, had he been tried by an ordinary tribunal, Earl Russell would have had a much lighter sentence. The reports of the failure of his health in prison appear to be exaggerated.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall saw many novel and agreeable sights in Cape Town. They had a



KING KHAMA,

Presented to the Duke of Cornwall at Cape Town.

great reception; they had addresses of welcome to the number of nearly a hundred; they had a gift of diamonds from the De Beers Company; they had lunch at Mr. Rhodes's house, near Rondebosch, with its enclosure stocked with African fauna; and they had also presented to them for their children two Basuto ponies. This was not all. They had, besides, a visit of homage from one hundred native chiefs from all

parts of South Africa, the most prominent being Khama and Lerothodi. They brought their gifts with them. One gave a tiger-skin, another a leopard-skin; a third presented weapons; a fourth a shield; and a fifth—the head of the Fingo tribe—a carved walking-stick of black Umzimbiti wood. The Duke, in a brief reply, referring to the late and the present Sovereign, said: "I can tell you her heart ever beat warmly for the native races of this great land, and that noble spirit still lives in her son, your King." Then the chiefs shouted "Bayeta!" meaning "Hail, chief!" and finally managed to shout a "Hurrah!"

Canon Quirk, who has been nominated Bishop-Suffragan of Sheffield, in the province of York, has had most of his parochial experience in the North of England. After leaving Cambridge, he took duty at Doncaster, Rotherham, and Beverley. Coming to London in 1894, he held the Vicarage of St. Paul's, Lorrimer Square, Walworth, for a year, when he was appointed by the Simeon Trustees to Bath Abbey. There Canon Quirk, who is described as "a broad-minded Evangelical," has interested himself greatly in the restoration of the Abbey's west front, with its famous Jacob's Ladder. The appointment of Low Churchmen to the Bishoprics of Durham and Sheffield in one day is regarded as something of a triumph by the religious party to which they belong.

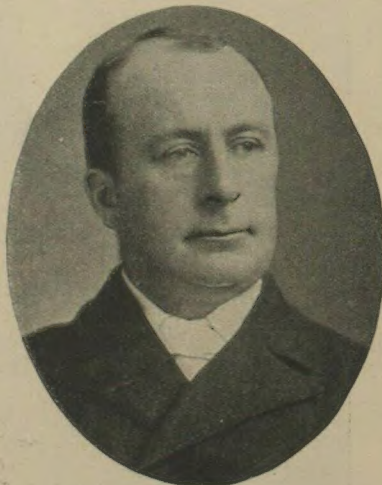


Photo. Russell.

THE REV. CANON J. U. QUIRK, Appointed Bishop-Suffragan of Sheffield.

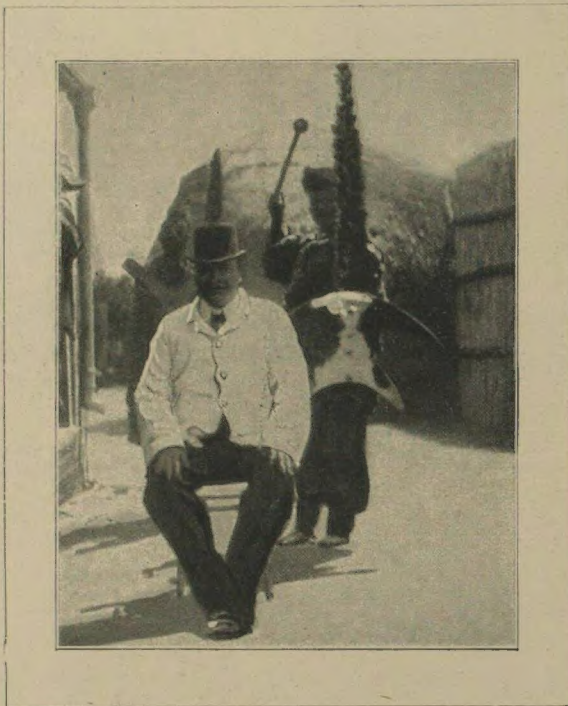
The election for the Andover Division of West Hants resulted in the return of Mr. Becket Faber, the Unionist candidate, by a majority of 223. There had been no contest since 1885, when the late member, Mr. Bramston Beach, was returned by a majority of 1451. Mr. Judd, who was Mr. Faber's opponent, was a Liberal Imperialist, and declared that, if elected, he would support "the policy of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey."

Some Swiss Evangelicals addressed a memorial to the Bishop of Liverpool, accusing Great Britain of barbarous conduct in South Africa. Dr. Chavasse pointed out in reply that his correspondents were suffering from "seriously defective information." They are not alone in this misfortune. A London morning paper justifies the rebellion in Cape Colony by citing the revolt against the tyranny of King Bomba!

Mr. Kruger says that Lord Kitchener's proclamation will strengthen the Boers still in the field, and Lord Kitchener has received similar assurances from Steyn, De Wet, Botha, and Delarey. On the other hand, Boer surrenders have increased considerably. Mr. Kruger denies that the Boers are now guerillas, and says that if international law does not take his view it is "international lawlessness."

Mr. Holbein's gallant attempt to swim the Channel deserved the success it did not command. An unexpected roughness of the water added to his fatigue and foiled his effort. Starting from Cape Grisnez a little before four in the afternoon of last Saturday, he swam for thirteen and a half hours, and was then taken on board the Dover Harbour tug *Granville*, while still six miles short of Dover Pier. Mr. Holbein had to be taken ashore on an ambulance, and at first he seemed likely to succumb to his exhaustion. Captain Lambert, of the *Granville*, reports that Mr. Holbein, though he could no longer see, wished to continue in the water, out of which, in fact, he was lifted only with the utmost difficulty, owing to the fact that his body was covered with porpoise-oil.

Prince Chun, the Chinese envoy charged with the mission of atonement for the murder of Baron von Ketteler, does not seem to like the job. He has been



LEROTHODI, KING OF THE BASUTOS, PRESENTED TO THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AT CAPE TOWN.

lingering at Bâle, and it is unkindly suggested that his alleged indisposition there was a feint. He is to be lodged at Potsdam much too handsomely, in the opinion of the German Press. Ten cooks have been appointed to serve him, and the Germans think that as he ought to eat nothing but humble pie, the Potsdam display is considered extravagant.

M. Sardou appears to believe in racial temperament as a necessary qualification for the interpretation of historical characters on the stage. He wrote the play of "Robespierre" for Sir Henry Irving, but he does not think that an English actor can accurately impersonate a Latin revolutionary. It is a nice point whether Robespierre was a conspicuous illustration of the Latin temperament. And it is a still nicer point whether M. Sardou's Robespierre bore any resemblance to the original.

The collector has long rejoiced in his journals of specialisation, but he may now enjoy a magazine *de luxe* devoted impartially to every branch of collecting. The *Connoisseur* in its opening number deals exhaustively with the splendid picture-collection of Sir Charles Tennant, and passes on to show its catholicity by papers on the hall marks of old English silver, coloured prints, the art of collecting oak, the principles of collecting old lace, and other subjects. The illustrations maintain a high level of excellence, although the plates accompanying the notes on illuminated manuscripts are perhaps a little disappointing. The *Connoisseur* will appear monthly, and the price is one shilling.

Dryden's house, 43, Gerrard Street, must be altered, it not demolished, as the front has been pronounced dangerous. There Dryden died in 1700, and there in the room on the ground floor next the street, "he used" (according to Pope in "Spencer Anecdotes") "most commonly to write."

Among our Illustrations will be found an interesting picture from Peking, representing the presentation by Sir Ernest Satow, his Majesty's Minister, of a medal to Henry Swannel, chief petty officer of H.M.S. *Orlando*,

in recognition of his conspicuous gallantry during the siege of the Legations. The presentation took place on July 1.

Sir William Laird, late chairman of the North British Railway Company, died in Glasgow on Aug. 14 after a long illness at the age of seventy-one. A son of Mr. James Laird of Cruchies, Perthshire, he went into business at Glasgow, where, for forty years, he was known as a prominent citizen, as the senior partner in the firm of William Baird and Sons, iron-masters, as member of the Ayr Harbour Trust, and, for a period, as President of the National Union of Conservative Associations for Scotland. Sir William, who was one of the Jubilee Knights of 1897, married, in 1866, Christina, daughter of Mr. John Forbes, of Glasgow.

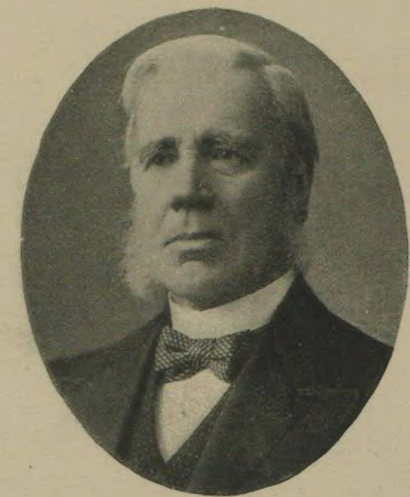


Photo. Warneke, Glasgow.

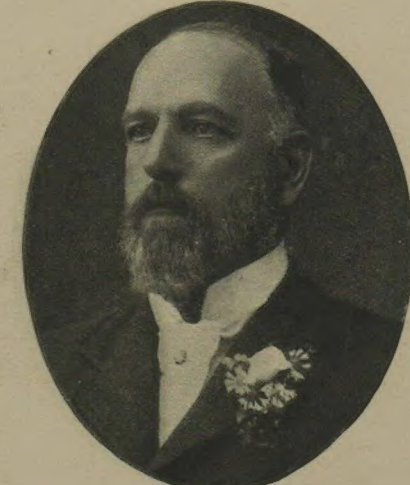
THE LATE SIR WILLIAM LAIRD, Distinguished Ironmaster.

From Malta comes a pamphlet appealing to the English nation against the decision of the Imperial Government to make English the official language of the Maltese. This is described in the pamphlet as an act of tyranny. As Italian is not the native language of the Maltese, the charge of tyranny is rather melodramatic. As the political and commercial interests of Malta are entirely English, and as English is the one foreign tongue that the Maltese have shown any desire to learn, it follows that English should be the official language of the island, and not Italian.

Mr. Henry Bruce Lefroy, the new London Agent-General for Western Australia, bears a name—indeed names—long associated with the progress of that colony. His late father, the Hon. A. O'Grady Lefroy, C.M.G., was for thirty-six years its Colonial Treasurer under the old Crown Colony system of government; while his grandfather, the late Colonel Bruce, commanded the forces there for many years, and was twice the Acting Governor. Born at Perth, Western Australia, in 1853, Mr. Henry Bruce Lefroy came to England to be educated at Rugby, returning to the colony in 1872 to engage in squatting pursuits. After the adoption of Responsible Government, he entered Parliament, and in 1897 took office as Minister of Education. A year later he was appointed Minister of Mines, and continued to serve as such until his term of office as Agent-General in London began at the end of last month.

President Loubet is urged to celebrate the Czar's visit to France by granting an amnesty to the exiled Nationalists. Why M. Loubet should play the game of his enemies to do honour to the Czar does not appear.

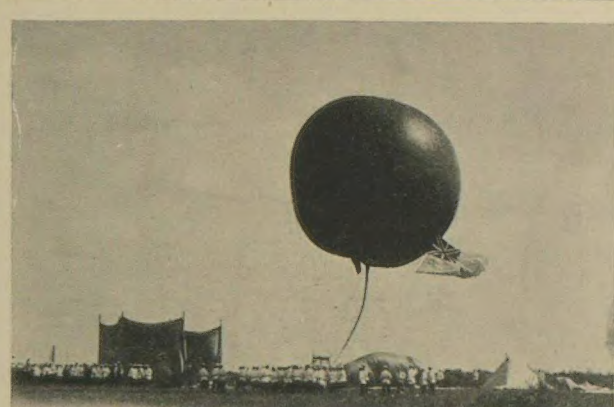
Mr. H. A. Grainger, who takes up office as State Agent for South Australia, and who is fifty-three years of age, is an Englishman by birth, but has spent the best part of his life in South Australia, where for a number of years he was a member of Parliament for an important mining constituency. On questions of Australian finance, Mr. Grainger is regarded as a leading authority, and as a journalist he has made his mark in Australia, inside his own State and out of it. For some time he acted as correspondent of the



MR. H. A. GRAINGER, State Agent for South Australia.

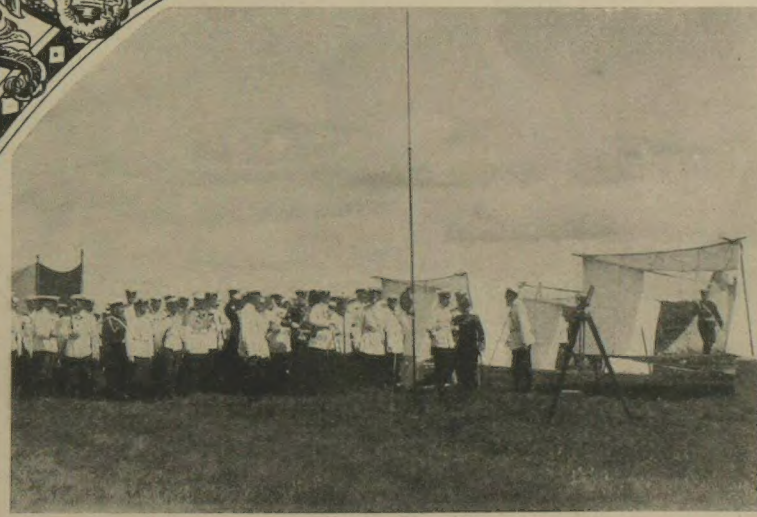
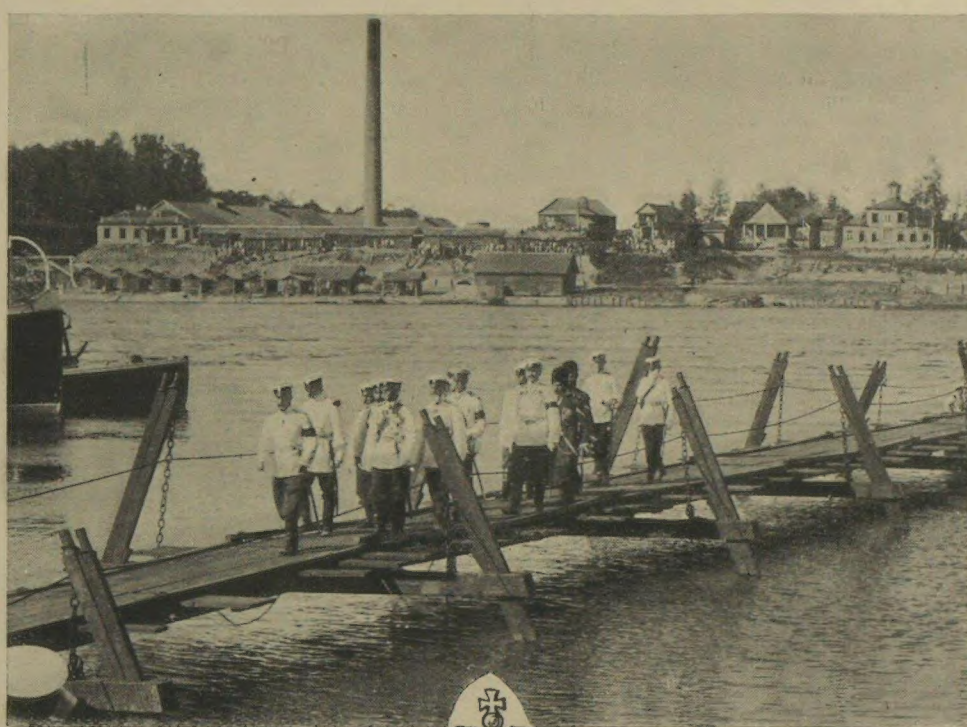
*Economist*, and his letters to that paper attracted wide attention. Mr. Grainger is a particularly able business man and politician. Although his correct designation is "State Agent for South Australia," his powers are precisely the same as those of his predecessor as Agent-General.





## THE CZAR AT THE RUSSIAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BULLA.



PRACTICE WITH SUBMARINE MINES: AN EXPLOSION.

THE CZAR INSPECTING THE PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE NEVA.

PRACTICE IN RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION: THE CZAR INSPECTING A TEMPORARY LINE.

PRACTICE WITH THE WAR-BALLOON AND WAR-KITES.

PRACTICE WITH MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH AND WAR-KITES BEFORE THE CZAR.

A. HUGH FISHER

C.H.





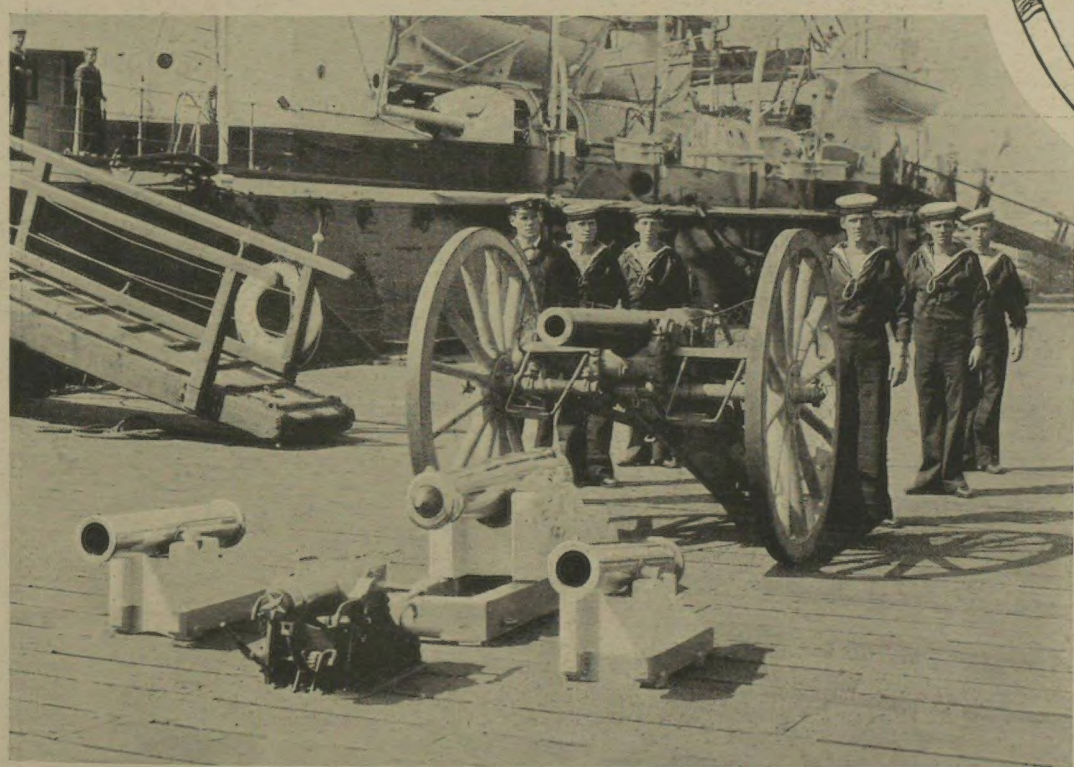
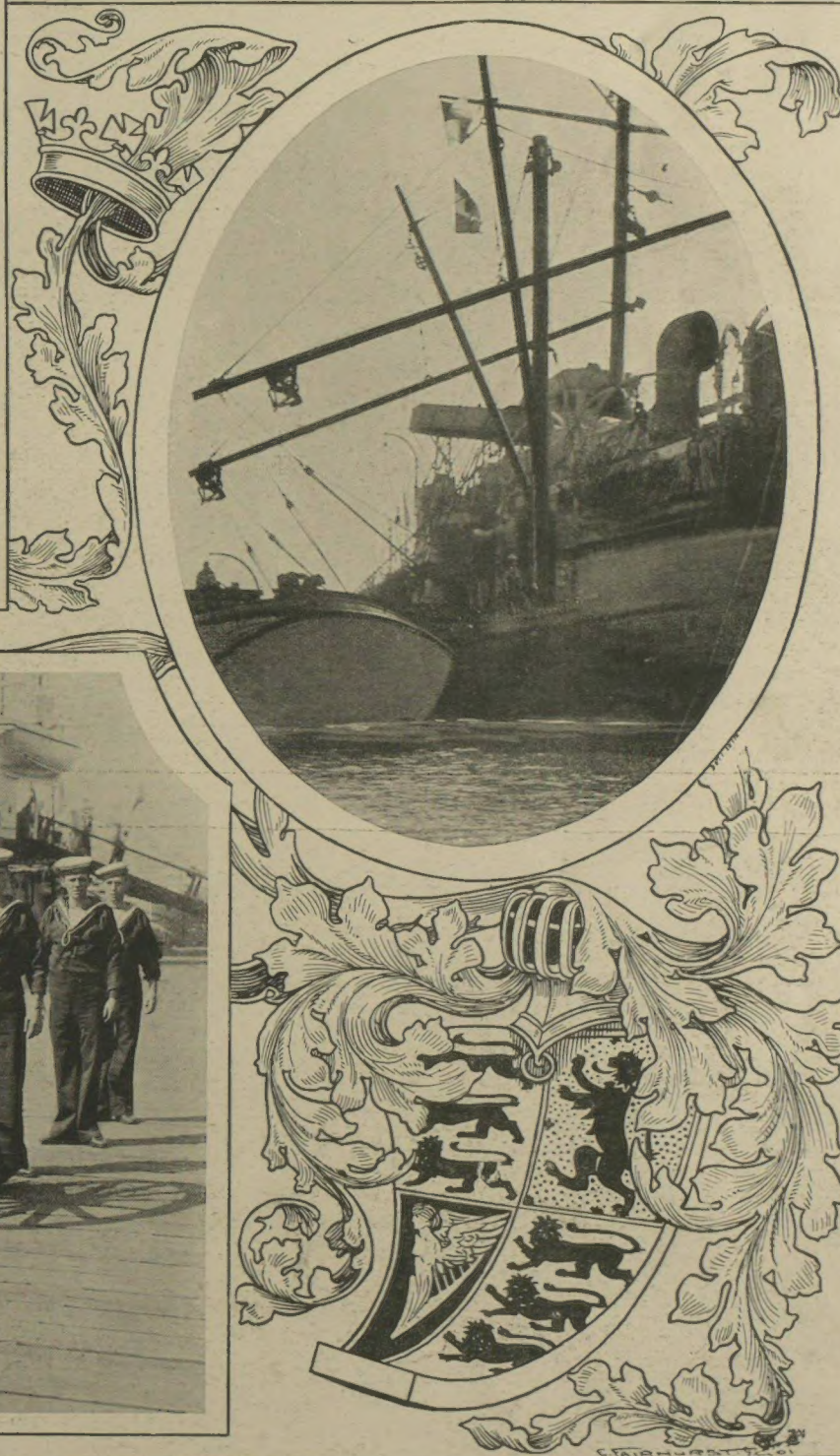
THE TREACHEROUS SHOOTING OF LIEUTENANT MOIR DURING THE ACTION AT REITZ ON JUNE 6.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

*The convoy captured on June 6 was shortly surrounded, and the Boers' fire became very heavy. Lieutenant Moir, who went outside to assist the wounded Captain Findlay, was rushed by the Boers, who called on him to hold up his hands. He did so; and at that moment a Boer woman in one of the wagons screamed, "Shoot him!" and the Lieutenant was murdered forthwith.*



## RECENT NAVAL EVENTS



BRITISH HOSPITALITY TO AN AMERICAN BATTLE-SHIP: THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "CHICAGO" AT PORTSMOUTH.  
THE FRANCO-TURKISH DISPUTE: THE FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP "CASSARD," DESPATCHED TO TURKISH WATERS.  
THE RETURN OF H.M.S. "CENTURION" FROM CHINA: GUNS CAPTURED FROM THE CHINESE.

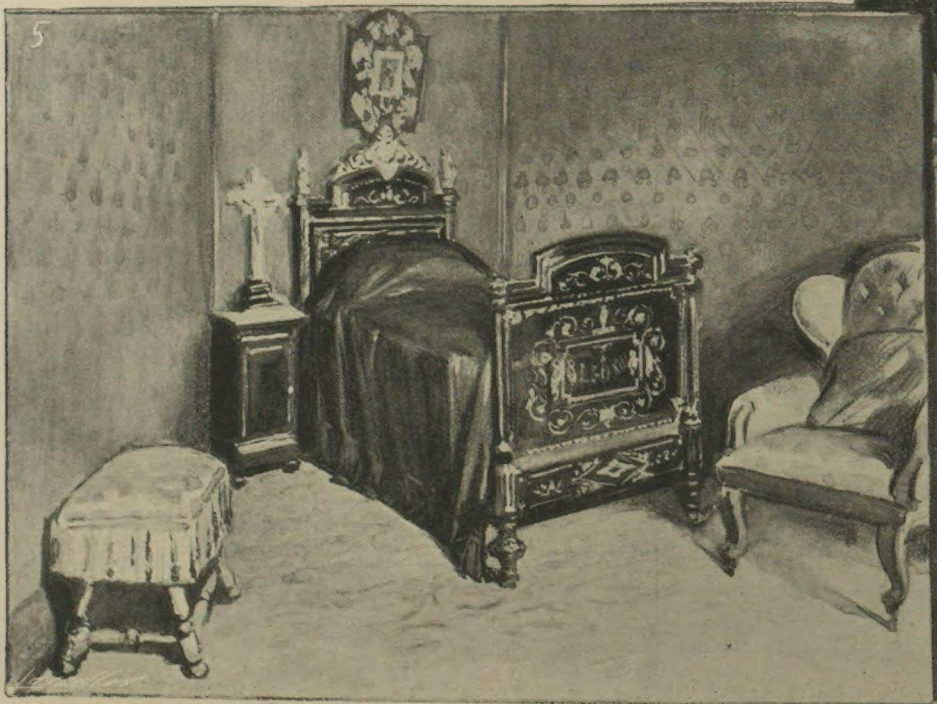
THE RETURN OF H.M.S. "CENTURION" FROM CHINA: ADMIRAL HOTHAM GOING ABOARD AT PORTSMOUTH.  
A NEW METHOD OF NAVAL COALING: THE TEMPERLEY-MILLER CABLEWAY.

*The photograph of captured guns is by Russell, that of the new coaling apparatus by S. Cribb, and that of Admiral Hotham boarding the "Centurion" by Simmons.*



THE POPE'S SUMMER QUARTERS: LEO XIII. IN THE GARDENS OF THE VATICAN.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.



1. THE DOOR OF THE VATICAN FROM WHICH THE POPE DEPARTS FOR HIS SUMMER QUARTERS.
2. THE GARDENS OF THE VATICAN.
3. THE POPE'S CARRIAGE, ATTENDED BY TWO OF THE "GARDES NOBLES" ON HORSEBACK: HIS HOLINESS RETURNING THE SALUTE OF A KNEELING GENDARME.

4. PAVILION IN THE VINEYARD NEAR THE LEONINE TOWER, WHERE THE POPE RESTS ON HIS WALKS.
5. THE POPE'S BED-CHAMBER IN AN EMBRASURE OF THE LEONINE TOWER.
6. THE LEONINE TOWER AND THE PALACE, WITH PRIVATE APARTMENTS BUILT BY LEO XIII.



# THE POPE'S SUMMER QUARTERS: LEO XIII. IN THE GARDENS OF THE VATICAN.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.



1. VINEYARD PLANTED BY THE POPE, AND A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW BUILDINGS.
2. THE POPE'S TWO OSTRICHES.
3. THE POPE'S AVIARY.
4. THE POPE, WITH HIS MINISTER, CARDINAL RAMPOLLA, AND MONSIGNOR DELLA VOLPE.

5. CHÂLET WHERE THE POPE TAKES HIS COFFEE.
6. GENERAL VIEW OF THE PAVILION WHICH FORMS THE CARDINALS' WAITING-ROOM.
7. GRAND APPROACH TO THE CASINO AND LEONINE WALLS.
8. THE POPE RETURNING TO HIS APARTMENTS.





1. The Volute of a Crozier. Ivory, French, XIVth Century (Manheim Collection). It is noteworthy that in this example no nails or stigmata are shown on the hands or feet of the Christ.
2. Neck Pendant in Enamelled Gold. The Body of the Swan is one Large Irregular-Shaped Pearl (Manheim Collection).

3. Bouton. Augsburg work of the XVIth Century (Manheim Collection).
4. China Bowl with Metal Handles, R.m, and Plinth.
5. An Expository Vessel, very richly Jewelled and Enamelled.
6. Italian Bronze Figure of Mars. XVIth Century.

EXAMPLES FROM MR. PIERPONT MORGAN'S COLLECTION (INCLUDING THE MANHEIM COLLECTION) AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.



"A MAN OF HIS WORD," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE: SCENE FROM ACT III.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.





1. DON CESAR DE BAZAN (MR. LEWIS WALLER), SURRENDERING HIS SWORD TO THE KING OF SPAIN (MR. FRANK DYALL).  
2. THE CLOSING SCENE OF ACT II.: DON CESAR'S ESCAPE FROM THE SPANISH PRIME MINISTER (MR. NORMAN MCKINNF).  
"A ROYAL RIVAL," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



# THE WOOING OF SILAS HANKS.

By G. B. BURGIN.



Illustrated by H. C. Seppings Wright.

## PART II.

One night, about a fortnight after the log incident, Miss Filson sat in her lonely cell whiling away the time by means of certain devotional exercises. Her voice was so good that when she reached a high note without any difficulty, it seemed to her that she was not mortifying her spirit in any way but simply singing for pure enjoyment. The knowledge of this fact was quite enough to make Miss Filson close her hymn-book with a bang, and look round for something uncomfortable.

She had not to look long, for, in the outer corridor, she suddenly noticed a well-known figure with a bloody bandage round its head. The figure sat on a stool and ate its evening meal with great appetite, casting occasional glances in her direction.

"Now, what's the man doing here with a head on him like that?" Miss Filson asked, with a rising flush. "Looks as if he had been electioneering." Then, unable to control all her feminine impulses, she opened the door of her cell, came down the corridor, and looked into the spacious apartment set apart for male prisoners.

"What are you doing here, Mr. Hanks?" she asked sternly. "Seems to me, you're the sort of man who's always getting into trouble."

Mr. Hanks looked up with cheerful alacrity, politely put his bowl on the ground, walked to the iron railing, which separated the men's ward, and with difficulty managed to extend a long hand. "Good evenin', Miss Filson! Why, that's never you, surely! I was sorter allowin' to myself as we'd be neighbours for a spell."

Miss Filson let Mr. Hanks' huge hand drop in sudden amazement. It fell inside the bar as if it had no part or parcel with the physical construction of Mr. Hanks, and remained limply dangling.

"Take your hand away and don't leave it there in that absurd manner," said Miss Filson with vigour. "I want to know what you are doing here?"

"Doing three months," said Mr. Hanks with modest pride.

"Three months! What for?" Miss Filson staggered against the wall. "I thought you were a different sort of man from that!"

"Oh, I am—I am—as a rule. I don't often break out like this," said Mr. Hanks. "If you don't mind me goin' on feedin', Miss Filson, I'll tell you all about it."

Miss Filson did not disguise her annoyance, although she burned with curiosity to know the meaning of this strange escapade on the part of the sober Mr. Hanks. "Never mind your supper," she said. "I'll get my stool and sit outside; then we can talk comfortably."

"If it's all the same to you," returned Mr. Hanks, with quiet obstinacy, "seein' as I ain't had a bite or scrap all day, owin' to the excitement of theseyer proceedin's, I'll just go on with thisyer sample of jail food." He looked at the meagre meal in his bowl. "'Tain't much

for a healthy man," he said, with real feeling; "but I s'pose I'll have to put up with it."

Miss Filson went to her cell and returned with a small stool, a Bible, and a hymn-book. She evidently regarded Mr. Hanks as a hopeless kind of ruffian.

The "ruffian" seemed in the most cheerful of moods, although the artistically arranged bandage round his head was soaked with blood. He not only cleaned out the porridge-bowl with great gusto, but ate up the piece of bread which was left. "Seem careful people 'bout not lettin' you over-eat yourself," he said. "I'd no idea the jailer was that sort of man when I was feedin' with him outside the jail. Once you're *inside* it does make

a difference, don't it? But he has to stick to the reggerlations, although he'd like to feed up everybody."

"Oh, never mind that," said Miss Filson pettishly. "Some men are nothing but stomachs. I'm dying to know how you got in here. What have you done?"

Mr. Hanks cast another reluctant glance at his empty bowl. "Ain't got such a thing as a bit of biscuit about you anywheres?" he asked anxiously.

"No, I haven't," snapped Miss Filson. Then she remembered that she had a cake in her cell. "I'll get you some cake, if you're as hungry as all that," she said, hoping that Mr. Hanks would say that he was not hungry, and that her society was quite enough for him.

"You bet I'm hungry," said Mr. Hanks, with cheerful directness. "I'm that hungry I could eat a jackass and a hamper of greens."

"Well, you won't got them here," said Miss Filson, as she went off to her cell and returned with a huge chunk of cake. The cake was so large that it was with difficulty squeezed through the bars. When it reached Mr. Hanks he cut it in two with formal politeness, and handed one piece to Miss Filson. "Halves!" he said, and proceeded to demolish his share in about four huge bites.

Miss Filson watched him with undisguised impatience. "Will the man never have done?" she asked pettishly. "I was going to try to convert you; but



Miss Filson shyly retreated a little.



you're so occupied with the things of this world you've no time for the next."

"Oh, yes I have," said Mr. Hanks, as he finished the last piece of his cake. Then he looked at her portion, which was lying on the floor. "If you don't mind," he said wistfully, "seein' as you ain't great on cake, guess I'll polish off that piece too."

"Take it, hog!" said Miss Filson, throwing it through the bars; and Silas caught it with unexpected dexterity.

When this portion of the cake had gone to join the other moiety, Silas looked refreshed. "I s'pose I'm allowed to smoke in thisyer jail?" he asked, producing his pipe and shaving some tobacco to fill it.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," said Miss Filson. "If you don't smoke in this world, you will in the next, anyway. As I said before, I wish you weren't so much occupied with common things!"

Silas paused in the act of shredding his tobacco. "Well, what else have I got to be occupied about?" he asked, not unreasonably.

"Your soul," said Miss Filson. "I suppose you're not all stomach, and—and mouth!"

"Oh, yes, that's all right," said Silas cheerfully. "I ain't a partickler good sort of chap, and I ain't a partickler bad sort of chap; but I've a pretty fair soul as souls go. Guess I'll even up all right when the time comes."

"Yes, but you never know when the time may come," said the annoyed Miss Filson.

"Oh, I'll chance it a bit," said Silas. "A man needn't worry 'bout his soul till he has a wife and settles down. If she don't make him lose it, I reckon he's all right."

Miss Filson was not prepared for this cynical view of matrimony, and stared with beautiful open eyes at Silas as he swallowed a stray crumb and proceeded to light his pipe.

"You're the strangest man I've ever seen," she said, looking at him with undisguised amazement.

"Guess you're the most scrumptious girl I've ever come across," said Mr. Hanks, with expression.

Miss Filson blushed. "Beauty is a snare and only skin deep." She opened her Bible—upside down.

"That's so, I reckon," said Silas philosophically; "but as most of us don't see beneath the surface, thar's no need for it to go deeper. A pretty face goes a long way—at the supper-table."

"You speak as if you knew all about it," said Miss Filson. "When are you going to tell me why you are here, and why you've stuck that absurd bandage round your head?"

"Tain't pretty, is it?" asked Silas, vainly endeavouring to look at himself. "You ain't got such a thing as a hand-glass about, have you, Miss Filson?"

"Certainly not!" snapped Miss Filson. "Such vanities are not allowed in jail."

"Wish I'd brought one with me," said Silas. "Guess I look like a road-agent."

"Never mind how you look!" said Miss Filson, burning with impatience. "Are you ever going to tell me how it is that you're in this jail? why your head is bandaged up? and why you've got three months' imprisonment?"

"In course I am," said Silas, puffing away at his pipe with leisurely enjoyment.

"Then begin," said Miss Filson. "How did you get that crack on the head?"

"All along of you," said Silas, carefully looking at the opposite wall, and with a complete absence of expression on his placid features.

Miss Filson gasped unqualified astonishment.

"All along of me!" she repeated. "Why, bless the man, what had I to do with it?"

"It was thisyer way," explained Silas, apparently bent on enjoying his pipe. "I've been feelin' a bit lonesome arter you scooted off the other day, so last night I went into Lavolette's for a drink."

Miss Filson groaned.

"Don't you feel upset 'bout that," said Silas philosophically. "I never gits loaded up same as some folks. Well, I hadn't had more 'n three fingers of tanglefoot when in comes old Ryan and begins to talk about what happened up here."

"Of course, everybody knows all about it now," said Miss Filson petulantly.

"Shouldn't be s'prised," said Silas. "Things have a knack of travellin' round in thisyer village. The thing that grieves people most in Four Corners is that there are only Ten Commandments they can accuse other folk of breaking; they want twenty. Gives more variety like."

"But what about old Ryan?"

"He got to talkin' 'bout my keerlessness, and I 'lowed he was pretty right there. Then he got to talkin' 'bout you—an' I 'lowed he was altogether wrong."

"What happened then?" asked Miss Filson, burning with feminine curiosity.

"Well, we just fell to scrappin'," replied Silas placidly. "He said things as was derugerogatory."

"Der—what?" asked Miss Filson.

"Good word, ain't it?" said Silas. "Found it in a dictionary last Fall. He said things as was derugerogatory to you, so I downs him with a chair."

"And then?" asked the breathless Miss Filson, not altogether displeased that she had been the subject of Homeric combat.

"I disremember what happened next," said Mr. Hanks placidly; "but I rather think he downed me with a table-leg. Then we was hauled up afore Justice Phillpotts, and he fined me twenty dollars, or three months."

"Well, but why didn't you pay?" asked Miss Filson. "What was the good of coming here in just your busiest time?"

"Why didn't I pay?" asked Mr. Hanks in amazement. "When I'd got a chance of a holiday like this? Nothin' to do for three months but to talk to you. Not much! D'you think I was goin' to pay *not* to come here? Why, I'd have planked down double the money just to see you."

Miss Filson blushed again. "I never heard tell of such foolishness," she declared.

"Maybe," said Mr. Hanks, continuing to smoke. "Reckon I'm beginnin' to feel to hum already. Real pleasant I calls this place for a quiet talk. I'd like to live here."

"What do you want to talk to me for?"

"Well, you see, me downin' you with that there log did seem blamed rude, didn't it?"

"Yes, it was."

"That's how I felt. Awful rude. So, you bein' all alone, I thought my conversation might sorter help to pass the time."

"Did you?" said Miss Filson, fidgetting with her Bible and hymn-book.

"Yes," said Mr. Hanks, noticing what she was doing. "I thought p'raps, seein' as I'd three months to spare, you'd put in a little time wrestlin' for me, and I'd cheer you on, you know."

He spoke in all simplicity. His novel ideas of conversion, however, so staggered Miss Filson that, for the moment, she was at a loss how to reply. When she saw that he was not scoffing, but that his simplicity was genuine, a smile stole over her beautiful face. "You're too a big a contract for me to try by myself," she said archly.

Silas looked disappointed. "I s'pose I couldn't help at all? Me bein' on the look-out for a wife, I did ought to git a thing like this over and done with."

This talk of matrimony was not wholly displeasing to Miss Filson, even though she had not yet escaped from the valley of tribulation. Then she pointed out to Mr. Hanks the abject folly of his proceedings, and earnestly besought him to pay his fine in the morning. She would never forget his kindness, but he owed a duty to society in general not to absent himself from it for so long a period. She felt sure that many young ladies in Four Corners would be inconsolable.

"They'd better console each other. Guess I can git all the society I want here," said the unmoved Mr. Hanks. "Now, s'pose you wrestle a bit with my soul."

"I don't feel inclined to do anything of the sort," said Miss Filson. "You're such a surprising sort of man, I've not grasped all your weak points."

"Take the first one as shows," said Silas placidly. "I ain't partickler."

"I begin to think you're a very uncommon sort of man altogether," said Miss Filson. "It isn't everybody who'd have the cleverness to drop a log of wood on my head when I was walking round the jail-yard. You must have aimed pretty carefully."

"Is this sarcasm?" Silas asked in pained tones.

"It was, but I'm ashamed of it," Miss Filson melted at the sight of his distress. "How could you possibly know I was there at that time of night?"

"Of course not," said Mr. Hanks. "It 'ud have served me right, though, if I'd been underneath and somebody else had pitched a log on my head."

"Well, it does look rather like it," admitted Miss Filson. "Don't you think we've talked long enough for one evening?"

"Seems five minutes," said Mr. Hanks. "Ain't it supper-time yet?"

"But you've had your supper!"

"That my supper! I thought it was a little permiskus refreshment thrown in just to git me used to the place."

"Well, it's not. You'll soon get sick of it if you don't have more than that to eat for the next three months."

"Reckon I'll worry through," said Mr. Hanks cheerfully. "You was goin' to say—"

"I wasn't going to say anything, except good-night!"

"Stop a moment," said Mr. Hanks. "I should like to ask you one question afore the jailer comes to lock us in for the night."

Miss Filson had already gathered up her useless hymn-book and Bible, and paused a moment to look at Mr. Hanks' face through the bars. Although the bandage was wound about his head, he had that look of congenital imbecility which comes over the countenance of a man when about to propose to the woman he loves.

With fatal intuition, Miss Filson at once guessed what Silas wished to say to her. "You'd better be quick or the jailer 'll be here."

Mr. Hanks deliberately put down his pipe. "It was only as I'm wishful to marry you when you comes out of thisyer den."

"What! You want to marry me?"

"Yes. Why not?"

Miss Filson began to cry. "After the way I've disgraced myself with that—that axe?"

"Come to think of it," said Mr. Hanks, "your sister's a bit aggravatin', you know; she's got that kind of a tongue as clacks till it drives people mad. I'm s'rprised you didn't do it afore."

"Do what?"

"Knock a little sense into her," said Mr. Hanks with fervour. "Guess it was about time somebody did it."

"And you don't think it was very wicked of me? Everybody said I ought to be ashamed of myself."

"Everybody else don't know your sister Sybilla's well as I do," said Mr. Hanks. "If she was my sister, I'd have been in the penitentiary long ago. One knock at her wouldn't have satisfied me."

"But she has her good points," urged Miss Filson.

"Oh, yes, I s'pose she has some," said Mr. Hanks grudgingly. "She's so thin she'll soon be all points. If you were a trifle emphatic with that axe it was Sybilla's fault. It don't make a mossle of difference to me. I've had my eye on you for a long time. Will you?"

"Yes," said Miss Filson, coming close to the bars and putting her hand into his leg-of-mutton fist. "You are a good kind man, and can make allowances when my temper gets the better of me. You really love me?"

"Yes, I do," said Silas, emphatically squeezing her hand. Then he raised it to his lips and kissed it fervently. "If you was to fix your pretty mouth close to the bars, maybe I could follow it up properly."

Miss Filson shyly retreated a little at this audacious suggestion.

"You'll marry me the moment you come out?" Silas asked, with all a lover's impatience.

"Of course I will," said Miss Filson, regarding him admiringly. "You're a real brave man!"

"It don't take much bravery to drop logs on people's heads," suggested Mr. Hanks ruefully.

"No, but you got into a fight with old Ryan, who is nearly big enough to eat you," admiringly said Miss Filson. "I wish I'd been there!"

"With the axe?" queried Mr. Hanks hopefully.

Miss Filson's newly found grace completely deserted her. "Yes, with the axe," she said firmly. "I'd have shown him what it meant to ill-use my—" Then she stopped and had the grace to blush. "I'm afraid my repentance is only skin deep."

"Well, that's quite deep enough for me," said Silas. "I don't hold with people when they've done a thing always howlin' about it till they wants to do it agin."

"I shall never want to do it again," said Miss Filson with fervour.

"I don't s'pose as you will," said Mr. Hanks, "seein' as Sybilla's been and got married, and gone off to Ottawa."

"What?" Miss Filson gave a little shriek. "And she hasn't told me anything about it!"

"No," said Mr. Hanks. "Guess she was too much ashamed at the way she'd been nagging at you for the last three years. But she's gone now, and the only thing to be settled up is whether you'll marry me d'rectly you come out."

"Of course I will," said Miss Filson cheerfully. "I never had anyone to care for me like this before."

"That's all right, then," said Mr. Hanks. "Maybe you'd better go and get your boxes packed, and I'll ask the jailer to wheel 'em round to my place."

"What!" said Miss Filson, in amazement. "Is the man going looney?"

"Oh, no," Silas produced a paper from his pocket. "You've done a little over nine months out of your year, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"I kinder reckoned that was long enough," said Silas, "so I put on my best clothes, and went up to Ottawa with a deputation of influential citizens, and we got the other three months knocked off."

Miss Filson almost fainted. "But I ought to stop here," she said, rather feebly. "I'm not going to leave you here for three months. Those other girls will be knocking one another about just to get in here to be with you."



Mr. Hanks' countenance lit up. "Guess that's all right. Secin' as you're comin' out, I don't mind payin' my twenty dollars, though I didn't have twenty dollars' worth of fun. You've just time to put on your best frock."

"I sent back my best frock," said Miss Filson, in tones of keen regret.

"I know you did," said the simple Silas; "that's why I took the liberty of sendin' the jailer's wife for it. They're comin' down with us to the parson to see us through."

"You seem to have been pretty sure how the matter was going to end," said Miss Filson. "You don't think I've been giving myself away?"

"Not a bit of it," said Silas. "I don't often make up my mind to do a thing; but when I do make it up, why, it stays up."

"Did the jailer know what you'd done?"

"Course," said the unabashed Silas. "He's sittin' in the parlour waitin' for us to come out."

"But we're locked in."

"I've got the keys in my pocket," said Silas, handing them through the bars. "What's the use of being in jail if you can't git out?"

"'Tisn't everybody that gets the chance," said Miss Filson, unlocking the door.

"More fools they," said Mr. Hanks, as he emerged from his confinement and offered Miss Filson his arm.

He escorted her in great state to the door, where the jailer and his wife awaited them with kindly smiles on their benevolent faces.

"Guess it's all right," said Mr. Hanks, with an air of finality. "Miss Filson's just going to change her dress. I'll get a fresh bandage on my head, and then we'll go down to the parson and con-nubialise."

They departed by the night-boat for Ottawa, although Mr. Hanks somewhat tentatively suggested that they should spend their honeymoon in the comfortable seclusion of the jail.

"I guess not," said Mrs. Hanks, with decision. "I've been there for nine months, and I yearn for something a little livelier. I wish your poor head hadn't been knocked about so by that old ruffian as a Ryan."

As the night-boat swam like a stately swan beneath the silver stars, and the little village of Four Corners faded away into the distance, she tenderly readjusted the bandage. The boat rounded the Point, and Mrs. Hanks clung confidently to her husband's arm.

"Guess this is a durned sight better'n jail," said Silas. "I don't know which is the prettier—your eyes or them stars!"

"Have done with your foolishness," said Mrs. Hanks; but there were tears in her voice. "I was rather thoughtless with that axe," she admitted; "but I've paid dearly for it."

"How," asked the innocent Silas.

"If it hadn't been for that axe I'd never have had you to look after," she gurgled; and fled below.

Silas followed.

THE END.

## THE END OF THE DROUGHT.

As I passed the weather-cock flying aloft over Waychester Parish Church I saw that the wind had veered round in the night, and Miles Dawes, who lives in the last cottage as you leave the village for the river, stood in the doorway and beckoned me. "I be thinkin' as 'ow ye'll be gittin' th' rain afore night," he said, and hobbled within, as though to avoid further conversation. Miles foretold the drought, and is a weather-prophet of repute, as a man should be who has studied wind and weather for ninety years, of which more than sixty were spent as shepherd. Beyond the changed wind, I could see no signs of rain; but I was hopeful, and late this afternoon

broke out on every side. The nightingale started, and that song was orthodox enough, for the little brown bird loves to sing when and where it has no competitors. To-night I think all the woodland choir had responded to the call of the rain, for first the woodlark challenged the nightingale, a blackcap followed and woke a thrush, the blackbird would not be left out of the choir when a hymn of praise was in progress, and soon there were several other notes that I could not distinguish. Even the partridges lying at rest by the field-side hedge would not be denied, and called cheerfully as though for more rain. From high trees and lowly bush came the drip-drip of the water, washing off the

dust, swelling the dry branches, feeding the roots underneath, and giving the land the where-withal to supply the later demands and renew the springs that had run dry. An hour passed; the land still drank with thirst unquenched, and showed no signs of completed satisfaction: as the water fell it was sucked up and left no trace; this corner of Landshire had become a sponge. Somewhere in the far distance the drought had broken more violently: there were flashes of lightning—violet, purple, and gold—that showed somewhat faintly the labour of the rain and the beauty of the landscape; the thunder growled and threatened from a distance, but could not, or would not, cross the Whitewater River, and stayed among the hills on the far side. So we had the refreshment of the rain made visible by the vivid lightning, and the fury of the storm did not come near. The storm came after the rain had started, and while it held sway the birds were silent; but when it moved off altogether, and a rent in the clouds showed the moon riding heavily across the heavens, as though battling with the elements in some contest but half-visible from the earth, the choral symphony was resumed, the nightingale leading as before. Perhaps there was a message of thanks for a storm stayed as well as for rain granted. Who shall say? When one lives among birds and beasts in a silence that they alone may break, it is not difficult to realise a close communion between Nature and her humbler children. Flowers are more sensitive to impending change than men, while birds and beasts are more sensitive than flowers, and until we will forget our pride,

and study their moods with love and patience, the books that are open to them will be closed to us.

Earth and trees and flowers assume a fragrance they have not known since the drought began. It is too late to hope for the wheat, but the hay will revive and the root crops will swell, and the orchards will bear a better crop. Many a man will save at least a part of the fruits of his labour. The farmer's root crops may yet recoup him for the ruined grain. Doubtless he too has not gone to bed to-night; he will be walking over his well-beloved fields regardless of everything save their salvation. All over the country-side men will be watching to-night, and hope will revive again in their hearts, just as the honeysuckle will spring up by the hedge-side so soon as the morning sun shall shine upon the labours of the rain.



He escorted her in great state to the door.

I saw that the cattle and sheep in the fields scented a storm, and I heard long calls of warning from hedge and spinney. With sunset came clouds from the east; the afterglow yielded to them as they were blown up rapidly; a few minutes later the flood-gates were opened, and the rain sought the land as the bolts of the ship sought the loadstone rock in the Calendar's story. I rode hurriedly through the wet, noting how Waychester had spread out all its pails, baths, basins, and jugs to catch the heavy shower; and reaching home, I sat down by the open window and saw the thirsty ground drink deep at last.

After some half-hour the violence passed from the downpour; it became sober and steady, and then the birds forgot their sleep for very joy, and songs that should have been hushed until the twilight that precedes the dawn



K I N G   E D W A R D   V I I .   I N   G E R M A N Y



THE KING ENTERING THE ROMAN ENCAMPMENT AT SAALBURG THROUGH THE PORTA DECUMANA: HIS MAJESTY PASSING BEFORE THE STATUE OF THE EMPEROR ANTONINUS PIUS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GERMANY.



K I N G   E D W A R D   V I L   I N   G E R M A N Y .



HIS MAJESTY WALKING IN THE BRUNNEN ALLEE AT HOMBURG.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HOMBURG.

*At Homburg, the King, laying aside all state, follows the custom of ordinary visitors, and early in the morning walks in the avenue after drinking the waters.*



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Four-Leaved Clover.* By Maxwell Gray. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)  
*The Wooing of Sheila.* By Grace Rhys. (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*The Hero.* By William Somerset Maugham. (London: Hutchinson. 6s.)  
*Bush-Whacking.* By Hugh Clifford, C.M.G. (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 6s.)  
*The Continental Dragoon.* By R. N. Stephens. (London: Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.)  
*Lake Geneva and its Literary Landmarks.* By Francis Gribble. (Archibald Constable and Co. 18s.)  
*The Art of Revolver-Shooting.* By Walter Winans. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 21s.)  
*Horses and Stables.* By Lieutenant-General Sir F. Fitzwygram. Fifth Edition. (London: Longmans. 3s.)

In "Four-Leaved Clover" we have a story which rises at times from the dead-level of mediocrity to a considerable pitch of intensity. "Maxwell Gray," as every reader of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" must be aware, has the dramatic instinct in an unusual degree, and with it, as is not uncommonly the case, a leaning towards the sensational. Without that element of sensation, which in this case is not happily introduced, "Four-Leaved Clover" might have been woven into a very pleasant idyll; as it is, the idyllic element is not wanting, but there is a jarring sense of incongruity that mars the whole. The villain, a very Mephistopheles until the crisis is past, becomes as harmless as the proverbial dove before we are done with him, and is, indeed, pathetically anxious to make amends for his villainy. No doubt this is very right and proper, and displays good feeling on his part; but it is neither consistent conduct, nor easy to account for. The heroine has many fine and noble qualities, such as often flourish together with an impulsive disposition; but she just lacks that touch of naturalness which makes for consistency. But all that concerns the luck of the clover is delicate and charming. It is here that we have the writer at her best; there is a purity of sentiment about all the love-scenes that lifts them out of the common, and the love and chivalry displayed in the scene under the chestnut-tree would alone dignify the volume. The story drags a little towards the close, and a death upon the field of battle—at least, in fiction—so generally spells an impending resurrection that even the veriest tyro among readers will not be deceived by the hero's demise. But the end is peace and marriage-bells, and wedding-gifts liberally embellished with four-leaved clover.

A happy blending of simplicity and ideality characterises "The Wooing of Sheila," and its author is to be congratulated in that she has written a story which is quite off the beaten track. Blessed with a rare quality of imagination, Miss Rhys has also, in a high degree, the art of picturesque writing. Her characters stand out vividly, each one alive and individual. John Power of Tallat, Mr. Willie the Devil, the half-witted Mick-a-Dandy, Michael, the hero, and Sheila herself—we know them all as though they were old friends, and in their doings we cannot but be interested. Is it not Browning's Evelyn Hope who was compounded of "spirit, fire, and dew"? Well; Sheila is like that, and at the same time very human and lovable. One feels that only a Celt could have created her, for the Celt alone seems to have the gift of conveying the elusive and intangible to paper: we do not mean to say that he always has it, but Miss Rhys has it, and has given us not only Sheila and Michael, but the air and atmosphere in which they lived and moved and had their being. If you omit the atmosphere, the story falls to pieces and becomes impossible—even absurd: on this side of the Channel such things could not be; but then you only come back to England, probably to wish yourself elsewhere, when you close this pleasant volume. Sheila is perhaps a little provoking at times, as women's women often are, but Michael is worthy of a minor place beside John Ridd and David Balfour.

Mr. Maugham has a very special talent in conversations. With an almost malicious cleverness, he makes his puppets talk characteristically—especially his silly people, whose foolish prattle slips from their lips with an uncanny naturalness. We could cite many illustrations of this gift from Mr. Maugham's new novel, "The Hero." Perhaps the most amusing of them is a conversation at the Vicarage when the works of a certain lady novelist are under discussion. Of "The Hero" as a whole it is difficult to make an estimate. Its cleverness is undoubted, and the story is, so to say, well laid down. Jamie Parsons, the hero, had gone straight from India to South Africa, where he won his V.C. He had been engaged to Mary Clibborn before he went to India; but he had met, and fallen in love with, a married woman there, a Mrs. Pritchard-Wallace, and here, on his return with the image of this lady still enshrined

in his heart, is Mary waiting for him to marry her. We will not reveal the remainder of the story, further than by explaining that the hero finds the situation greatly more difficult than the deed which had covered him with glory. Mr. Maugham tells this story with cleverness, and, we may add, with boldness—perhaps with more of both than of verisimilitude. At the same time it is not lacking in that: Jamie discovers himself wonderfully, Mrs. Pritchard-Wallace produces on the reader the necessary impression, and the minor characters, mainly because of the excellence of their conversations, to which we have referred, are sufficiently alive. "The Hero" is a clever piece of work.

"Bush-Whacking" is the title which Mr. Hugh Clifford has given to his new book of Malayan stories and sketches. It is seen to be all the more appropriate when we learn that the rebels of the Malay Peninsula invariably take to the jungle, and have literally to be "whacked out of the bush" by the British sportsman in pursuit. It is a strange life that Mr. Clifford brings before us, and he brings it with uncanny clearness. He must resemble, one would think, the young officer whom he describes with a penetrating sympathy in "The Heart of Kalamantan." Gervase Fournier, says the author, "was that unusual thing, a very sensitive and imaginative Englishman." We question whether the "thing" is so very unusual. However that may be, it did not prevent him from turning out, in the end, a most competent officer. Mr. Clifford, too, is a most competent officer, as everybody knows; but he is as sensitive and imaginative as Gervase Fournier himself. Every feature of Malayan nature, animate and inanimate, seems to be printed on his brain. Therefore he has only to draw on his recollections to make a most interesting book. One might question, indeed, whether Mr. Clifford has not observed too

Bonivard, Calvin, John Knox, Milton, Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, Madame de Staël, natives and to the manner born, or distinguished visitors from foreign lands, are presented in these lively pages. The most interesting part of "Lake Geneva and its Literary Landmarks" deals with the Reformation times, when Calvin made Geneva a great religious and political centre. Bonivard, known to romance as the Prisoner of Chillon, was one of the early Reformers, and left a chronicle of Geneva much too worldly and familiar for Calvin's taste. Six years in a dungeon inclined Bonivard to sympathise with the philosophy expressed in the famous question, "Dost think that because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Calvin suppressed cakes and ale in Geneva. He made it a penal offence "to walk by night in the Town after nine of the clock, without candle-light and also a lawful cause." He prohibited song and dance, fixed the number of dishes at feasts, punished one man for wearing baggy knickerbockers, and another "for calling his cow by the scriptural name of Rebecca." Mr. Gribble argues that this moral discipline, though it seems foolish now, was necessary then to "an armed camp of the Protestant Church militant." How baggy knickerbockers or calling a cow Rebecca could have weakened the Protestant cause is not very clear. Freethought was a much more serious peril, and Calvin held that the only way to combat it was to burn Freethinkers. There was as little justification for this policy as for the regulation of cows' names in the interests of morals.

The name of Winans has been associated for so long with "The Art of Revolver-Shooting"—if it be an art—that the appearance of this sumptuously got-up book is only what might have been expected. Mr. Winans tells us that he began pistol-practice in the nursery, where, defying domestic authorities, he on at least one occasion

enjoyed a mouse-hunt with the able co-operation of the cat. Later achievements at Bisley and elsewhere have won him the title to instruct most people on the subject of using the revolver, and as he can not only shoot, but can analyse clearly the secrets of his success, his book may be confidently recommended to the aspiring revolver-shot. The beginner may be surprised to find how much he has to learn, and, having learned, to remember when he faces the target. The truth is, there is no weapon so difficult to master thoroughly, while its very convenience makes it a dangerous tool in the hands of the tyro. Mr. Winans avers that the truly great revolver-shot is born, not made; but, without venturing to question the dictum of the greatest expert of the day, we may suggest that constant practice will enable most men to use the pistol with sufficient certainty for all practical purposes. The author does not confine himself to target-shooting in these liberally illustrated pages. He has something to say on the attractions of shooting from the saddle, when park-herds of deer need thinning out—a form of sport which

humanity suggests should be left to experts; on trick-shooting on the stage, and the devices employed; on self-defence, and of the revolver in warfare. Concerning the last, we are inclined to think his own great skill as a shot blinds him somewhat to the merits of other weapons.

A cheap edition of "Horses and Stables" brings its own recommendation with it. Sir F. Fitzwygram's book has been a standard for a quarter of a century at least, and, corrected from time to time by the light of advancing veterinary science, bids fair to hold its well-deserved place in the esteem of horse-owners who take a real interest in their stables. The alterations in this new edition are not numerous; a small but important change in the mode of ventilating stalls is recommended. Large opportunities have been enjoyed of late years for the study of influenza in its various forms, and the author describes the most approved methods of treatment for this as for one or two other maladies. The bulk of the work remains in the form known to so many horse-men. The minute and comprehensive details of stable architecture, fittings, etc., the carefully illustrated chapters on forage, the advice given for the management of horses under all civilised conditions of life, together with the veterinary sections of the work, thoroughly practical and free from needless technicalities, stand in no need of praise. A great deal of information germane to the subject is given incidentally, and a characteristic touch is given by the addition of an unconventional but highly interesting and suggestive postscript to this edition in the shape of a letter from Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. Mr. Blunt, as is very generally known, has devoted himself to the breeding of Arab horses in this country for many years past. His original idea was to increase the height and therewith the utility of the breed; and his long experience has taught him that nothing of value is to be gained by attempting to increase the height of pure-bred Arabs beyond what seems to be its natural point—14 hands 2 in.



MAGGIE NEARED THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

Reproduced from "The Mill on the Floss," in the Library Edition of George Eliot now in course of publication by Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, to whom we are indebted for permission to copy this illustration.

insistently and fully to make a perfect artist. His work is occasionally so full of detail that it becomes a weariness to read. His imagination is so exigent that it becomes a task for our duller and less kindled minds to follow it through all its windings. Read hastily, then, his book might bore a reader too impatient. Read with an enjoying slowness, it entrances. If we give ourselves time to "take in" all he has to tell us, we find we know the Malay possessions of the King as if we had seen them for ourselves—probably, indeed, we know them far better. Men who can act and write like Mr. Clifford induce the belief that Britain is worthy of the Empire they acquire for her and govern.

"The Continental Dragoon," by R. N. Stephens, raises a question of some interest in these days, when the American historical novel has acquired such a vogue. Owing to the accident of their history, the Americans had never an enemy till late years, save their mother-country of Britain. There were Red Indians, Mexicans, and "Seceshers," to be sure, but Britain, in America's eyes, is always the heavy villain of the piece. Her ardent novelists, therefore, hie them to the War of Independence as a prime source of patriotic copy. It would be asking too much of human nature to ask them to be unprejudiced. Even in party warfare Dr. Johnson took care not "to let the Whig dogs have the best of it." In the larger warfare of nations American romancers invariably take care to let Britain have the worst of it. According to them, the British officers in America were generally brutes and fools. Well, Britain would forgive them for the libel if they would only send her better novels. "The Continental Dragoon" is a machine-made romance, with a parade of notes at the end to show that it has been drawn from historical registers. It might have been left there to considerable advantage.

Mr. Gribble has written a very bright sketch of Genevan history and of all the eminent personages who have left literary monuments on the shores of the Lake.



THE EXPERIMENTS IN PRACTICAL FIELD-FIRING AT ALDERSHOT.



THE NEW TARGETS REPRESENTING THE ENEMY—HORSE, FOOT, AND ARTILLERY.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

At the time of writing, the best-abused man of Continental Europe is Field-Marshal Count Alfred von Waldersee. He succeeds, though not by inheritance, to the position Mr. Joseph Chamberlain occupied not many months ago. There is no very great resemblance, either physical or moral, between these two men, except perhaps their utter indifference to vituperation. Had I to compare the German soldier to anyone, whether belonging to his own or to an alien nation, the name of Charles Gordon would probably suggest itself to me, for there is much in common between the dead and the living captains. The Prussian and the Englishman both came under the category of actors on the world's stage upon whom the Spanish proverb bids us to look with something like distrust, because "they detest the use of slippers." One day Lord Herbert of Cherbury was talking to that marvellous warrior Spinola about Sir Francis Vere. "What did he die of?" asked the Italian. "He died of inactivity," was the answer. "That's enough to kill any soldier," was the remark.

Waldersee is in his seventieth year, and three decades of his life were, until a twelvemonth ago, absolutely inactive. To the soldier born, as he is, preparations for a war that he may not live to see or to share are merely so many sops, which simply increase his real hunger for battle, although he may be perfectly aware, as modern Generals are, that such preparations are inevitable and indispensable. He says with Spenser in "Mother Hubbard's Tale"—

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried  
What hell it is in suing long to bide;  
To lose good days that might be better spent,  
To waste long nights in pensive discontent.

If such a soldier be of the temperament of Gordon, he—still in the words of Spenser—announces his intention "to wander to the world's end, to seeke my fortune where I may it mend: For worse than that I have I cannot meete."

If, like Waldersee and Count von Haeseler—the two men upon whom Kaiser Wilhelm looks as his most valuable lieutenants in a possible war, whenever that may happen—such soldiers have been brought up under, and been always subject to, the severest discipline—a discipline which virtually was as a closed book to Gordon—they fume and fret, for they cannot and will not offer their swords to the first Government that may be in need of it. A man like Haeseler becomes like Suvaroff, grimly and often gruesomely facetious, and vents his disappointment upon his officers by making their life a burden to them, a thing which Suvaroff, in spite of his tendency to practical joking, never did. If there be an entire absence of the humorous element in the man's composition, as happens to be the case with Waldersee, his subordinates do not know the significance of the word "worry" in the sense the officers of the 14th German Army Corps know it, but it is doubtful if they are any the happier for that. Both officers and men will prefer a chief who swears now and again, and says biting things, to one who is uniformly smooth, but with whom, for all that, they get no "for arder"; and Marshal von Waldersee is not only uniformly smooth, but is credited with mixing Scripture quotations with his politely uttered reprimands when there is occasion for the latter.

Haeseler's objurgations never take that form, for whatever religious opinions he holds are strictly confined to his own breast. "Save us from the oaths of Châtillon, but above all save us from the prayers of Montmorency," said the contemporaries of those two great French warriors of the sixteenth century. Châtillon rarely performed his orisons in public, whatever he may have done in private; Montmorency in the intervals of a battle, or at the termination of it, immediately opened his missal, which now, as a priceless relic, is in the possession of the Comte de Haussonville. Haeseler, had he been sent on the mission entrusted to Waldersee by Kaiser Wilhelm, would have simply carried out his instructions, and if at his return any journalist had been venturesome enough to request an interview for the purpose of reproducing the Commander-in-Chief's impressions of China and the Chinese, the journalist would have been shown the door, if the exit had not been brought about in a more summary fashion. Haeseler, in short, would not have breathed a syllable in connection with any event; still less would he have predicted the possible future results of the expedition. Waldersee has not been so reticent, and has somewhat peremptorily been reminded of his error. Moltke left politics to Bismarck, and Bismarck left military concerns to Moltke. Germany would like to see the two items kept separate. The real fact is this: the subjects of Kaiser Wilhelm have never looked with an absolutely favourable eye on the successor of Moltke on the Grand Staff. They never questioned Waldersee's great military abilities, but they suspected him of playing for higher stakes than the chief command of the German army—in time of peace. Neither Bismarck nor Moltke was ever suspected of being irreligious, but Moltke never for one moment pretended that the Highest Power had prompted him in his strategy which made such short work of the Austrians in 1866, and nearly as short work of the French in 1870-71. The Kulturkampf was not a religious but a strictly political affair. Field-Marshal von Waldersee is, not to mince words, fanatically religious and, worse, fanatically anti-Semitic; the notorious Pastor Stoecker was for a long while a fixture of Countess von Waldersee's drawing-rooms. Without going as far as Gambetta, who said that the priest represented the past and the Jew the future, Germany, as represented by the majority of her frugal and sensible population, does not want the Jews or any other section of her law-abiding sons and daughters worried on no matter what pretext. Above all, Germany does not want a Chancellor who mixes religion with politics; and Waldersee, whether rightly or wrongly, is supposed, by his ill-timed oratory, to have made a throw for that position.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

M G D.—No. 2090 is quite sound. If, as you suggest, 1. B to K 3rd, P to Kt 4th; 2. B to B sq, P takes P, and there is no mate next move.

G H (Acocks Green).—Look again, and you will find several defences to your proposed solution.

M FARR.—Your two chess problems shall be examined, but the draughts position is of no service to us.

A J H.—Will you kindly send your problems on a diagram, when they shall be examined. Has No. 1 been published anywhere previously?

W FROST.—You have omitted to notice that Black's K B P must be removed from the board.

R ARNOLD.—The solution of Beyer's problem is 1. Q to Kt 3rd, and mate follows in two more moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2086 received from T H Butler (Providence, U.S.A.) and F R H (New York); of No. 2087 from T H Butler, F R H, and Major F (Gibraltar); of No. 2088 from J Bailey (Newark), E J Sharpe (Clapton), J Long (Wolverhampton), and G J S; of No. 2089 from E J Sharpe, J Bailey, J A S Hanbury, and Rev. C R Sawell (St. Austell); of No. 2090 from J W (Campsie), H Le Jeune (Hampstead), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), R Worters (Canterbury), Henry A Donovan, M G D, R T (Belfast), Albert Wolff (Putney), C E H (Clifton), W H Lillico (Loughton), Mrs. Bond, and C E Perugini.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2091 received from Major Nangle (Rathmines), Albert Wolff (Putney), W A Lillico (Loughton), J Penfold, Alpha, F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Martin F, F W Moore (Brighton), F B (Worthing), C M A B, Henry A Donovan (Listowel), Shadforth, J A S Hanbury (Moseley), Sorrento, J F Moon, A B Nunes (Brook Green), M Singh Sodhi (Edinburgh), E J Winter Wood, J R W (Canterbury), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), F Lewis, and J M (Worcester).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2090.—By HERBERT A. SALWAY.

WHITE.

1. R takes P
2. B to Q 4th (ch)
3. Kt to Kt 6th, mate.

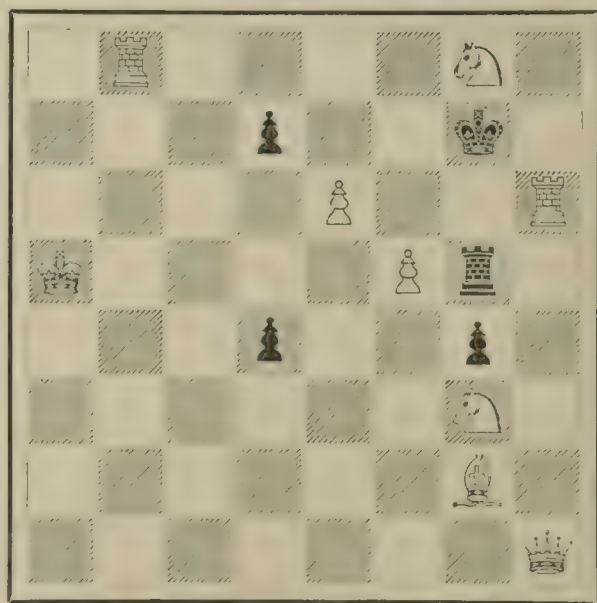
BLACK.

- Kt to Q sq
- K to Q 4th

If Black play 1. K takes R, 2. R to Q 7th; and if 1. P takes R, 2. B to K 3rd, and P to B mates.

PROBLEM No. 2093.—By H. D'O. BERNARD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. R. P. SEGAL and A. W. FOX.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	10. Kt to Q R 3rd	Q to R 4th
2. P to K 5th		11. K to B 2nd	Kt to Q 4th
		12. Kt to Q B 4th	Q to B 2nd
		13. B to K B 3rd	P to B 3rd
		14. Q to Kt 2nd	Castles
		15. P to R 4th	P to K Kt 4th
		16. R takes P	B takes Kt P
		17. P takes P	B takes Kt P
		18. B takes Kt	P takes B
		19. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	R takes Kt
		20. P takes R	B to K 6th (ch)
		21. K to Kt 2nd	Q takes P
		22. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
		23. P to B 3rd	Q takes P (ch)
A remarkable and uncommon finish. Mr. Fox is a young American whose play is now attracting considerable attention.			
		24. K takes Q	R to Kt sq (ch)
		25. K to R 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd (ch)
		26. K to R 5th	Kt to B 5th (ch)
		27. K takes P	Kt to K 3rd (ch)
		28. Q takes B	R to R sq, mate

## CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played in Moscow between Messrs. W. JASSAROV and K. FALK.

(Two Knights Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. B to Q R 4th	K R to Kt sq
2. P to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		Pawn for the sake of gaining valuable time.
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd		
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	16. Q takes R P	B to K B 4th
5. P to K 5th	Kt to Kt 5th	17. Q to K 3rd	Q to K B sq
		18. K to R 2nd	B to K 5th
		19. P to K Kt 3rd	B to Kt 2nd
		20. Kt to Q 2nd	Q to Q 6th
		21. Q R to Q B sq	Q to Kt 3rd
		22. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 4th
		23. Kt to Q 4th	B to Q 4th
		24. P takes B	B takes Kt
		25. P takes B	Q to Kt 3rd
		26. Q to O 2nd	R to Kt 3rd
		27. Q to Q B 3rd	R to R 3rd
Threatening R takes P (ch); 20. K takes R, Q to R 3rd (ch); 21. K to Kt 4th, R to Kt sq (ch), etc.			
		28. P to K R 4th	O R to K Kt sq
		29. R to K Kt sq	Q to Q sq
		30. Q to K 3rd	R takes R P (ch)
		31. P takes R	Q takes P (ch)
			Black wins.

## NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

If I were inclined to wish anybody a fate that I myself would consider a very unkind one, I think I should advocate that he might be compelled to spend some days with nothing to read save "introductory addresses." True, there are exceptions to the general rule that such orations are usually as backboneless as are jelly-fishes, and devoid of anything save lucubrations on everything in general. Mr. W. S. Gilbert, in "Iolanthe," makes one of his characters declare that "the House of Lords throughout the War did nothing in particular, and did it very well." This last can hardly be said of most of the deliverers of the orations to which I allude. They have nothing in particular to say, and, as a rule, they do not say it "very well."

I have said there are certain exceptions to the rule that introductory addresses are things which, once spoken, are best relegated to the oblivion which, I regret to say, awaits old sermons. The clergyman, it is true, can disinter his relics and serve them up again with satisfaction to himself, especially if he is translated to a new cure of souls. There is no such revivification for the address, though a dear old Professor, an octogenarian, once presented me on leaving him with a copy of his introductory, in pamphlet form, dating from the 'thirties. The venerable gentleman had never been able to get rid of the idea that such a masterpiece deserved preservation and occasional remembrance. This tirade on addresses was suggested to me by that delivered before the recent British Medical Association by Dr. J. F. Goodhart. It is one of the brilliant exceptions to the general rule; it teems with excellent things and sayings, and, above all, it dispenses to the doctors and public alike (if the latter will only read it) a good deal of very wise advice.

Dr. Goodhart calls his address by the title, "Friends in Council." Therein he is repeating a title of Sir Arthur Helps; but that is a small thing, for if the friends he addresses are not grateful for the counsels he gives, drawn as they are from a large and varied store of experiences, then the loss is theirs. We have a pleasant chat on "patients," which is interesting from the point of view of patients themselves; and then we come to "doctors," which also is a topic calculated to hold the mirror well up to the medical countenance. Finally, there are some nice little hints on "drugs," and some remarks on "routine and fashion," such as should prove useful to the thoughtful practitioner. As far as the patients are concerned, Dr. Goodhart is righteously hard on what one may call the public ignorance about medical matters. This, of course, is notorious, but it is slightly (or largely) the fault of the medical profession itself. For many a day the medical Press decried even a public interest in hygiene, which, it is admitted, is everybody's business. Now, with consumption congresses telling the public they should make it their concern to know something about that ailment, so as to aid in preventing its spread, it can hardly be said the people must remain ignorant of all medical, or, at least, of all sanitary, details.

This means no encouragement of personal experimentation in medicine on the part of the layman. He is to-day very much in the position in which Voltaire declared the medical profession of his day to be—that they poured drugs of which they knew little into bodies whereof they knew less. But we should have fewer complaints from patients if they were more frequently treated as rational beings. With the ignorant, the doctor will always require to deal firmly and with authority. Dr. Goodhart re-echoes the attitude of many such patients when he mentions what most people know—namely, the idea that no cure can be accomplished without a bottle of medicine. "Yes," said a stalwart coal-miner to a medical friend of mine, who had given him a complete lecture on the foods he was to take and avoid by way of cure, "that's all very well, doctor; but I am waiting for my bottle." And they will wait until the popular education of the country trains them in hygiene, shows them the common causes of disease, and enables them coincidentally to acquire a higher opinion of the doctor's science and art than is represented in the "bottle."

But Dr. Goodhart, if he is deservedly hard on the follies of "patients," is not a whit less severe when he comes to deal with their medical advisers. He warns the doctor against a too great readiness to detect disease, and to forget how health of very fair standard is compatible with considerable departures from the normal. He comforts us by reminding us that a "weak heart," the terror of nervous folks, is often only a bogey. The heart will stand a good deal of tear and wear, and Dr. Goodhart ought to know what he means when he says that it is "all the better for plenty of work." I have rarely heard a more sarcastic anecdote than that he tells of the late Sir W. Gull, who, when he heard a medical man excusing himself for not detecting a particular disease, replied that it was as well he had not done so, for then he "might have treated it."

What strikes one about Dr. Goodhart's utterances is their cheery optimistic tone, and the undercurrent of sound common-sense that bears them along. He would have the doctor be regarded as our best friend, the member of a noble profession—I might say, the noblest—devoting itself, often at great sacrifice, and as often with but poor reward, or no reward at all, to the task of relieving misery, abolishing pain, and rendering life happier thereby. Nor does Dr. Goodhart fail to remind us that his is a charitable profession. The waiting-room of every physician reveals poor souls who come in their direst emergency without the wherewithal to recompense the doctor for his advice. That advice is often said by ungrateful wretches to cost the doctor nothing. It has really cost him long years of toil and study and much money. The public truly need education in many ways, and in one direction in particular—that of paying their doctors' bills promptly, and with a thankful heart.



# THE STRIKE OF THE GRIMSBY FISHERMEN.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT GRIMSBY.



1. IDLE SMACKS: VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE HYDRAULIC TOWER.  
2. IN THE COMMITTEE-ROOM.

3. STRIKERS WATCHING THE INWARD-BOUND STEAMERS  
FOR BLACKLEGS.

4. IN THE DOCKS.  
5. THE CHIEF SUPPLIERS.



# THE FIRST PAN-CELTIC CONGRESS AT DUBLIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE.



MR. JEFFREMAN.



THE REV. ROWLAND WILLIAMS (ARCH-DRUID).



MISS PARRY.

PAN-CELTIC DELEGATES.



DELEGATES UNSHEATHING THE GORSEDD SWORD BEFORE THE ARCH-DRUID.





Henry Stannard

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER: THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE HEDGE.

DRAWN BY H. STANNARD, R.B.A.



## LADIES' PAGE.

A little flutter has been caused in the circles of trade by the Queen's message desiring British manufactures to be used as far as possible in the dresses worn at the Coronation next year. The managers of the large houses tell me that it will be practically impossible to carry out this gracious desire so far as silks are concerned. Though every encouragement was given by the late Duchess of Teck and other leading ladies some years ago to the revival of the British silk industry, the movement was only successful on a comparatively small scale. The Lyons manufacturers still produce almost all the finest designs in brocades and colours in silks, while in the manufacture of velvets they have a monopoly. If the order for a special silk were given at once, the lady placing it could, no doubt, obtain a British silk that would satisfy her artistic taste, but in the ordinary course of the market there will not be a sufficient supply of home-made material. Lace of home manufacture can, however, be purchased as readily as foreign; and if Irish products are to be considered British, there is a good supply of beautiful trimming of this description ready to hand. The Youghal rose point can compete with the Venetian; and the Limerick is as charming in its cobwebby lightness as point d'Alençon. Honiton lace, again, can be obtained that is quite as good as Brussels point Duchesse. But as to the fine embroideries, I can hear of none in the great London houses that have not been imported from the Continent.

One reason why both lace and embroidery come better from abroad is that the women there will work for so much less payment than our own will accept. The lace-makers of Belgium and Italy toil many hours to earn a franc. The same fact may be stated of Ireland, and accounts for the production of lace and linen embroideries in the sister isle being larger than in England. Charming skill and unbounded industry exercised on these luxurious items bring in a mere contemptible pittance to the needle-women; and our working classes are well enough off to despise such trifling gains, as they consider them, though in the aggregate the sum is by no means trifling that is expended on these dress items. Naturally and inevitably, the purchaser of all articles deals in the cheapest market, and trade leaves the workers who insist upon being paid at a higher rate than the work can be done for equally well or even better elsewhere. This is the ordinary course of business; and if, then, some circumstance stimulates patriotism temporarily to overlook the question of cost and excellence of return for the price, the workpeople and the appliances are not ready to take advantage of the temporary stimulus.

One reason why lace-making is not a well-paid occupation is that the demand for the beautiful fabric is of necessity limited: lace does not wear out very quickly, and it is transmitted as a heirloom from one generation to another. Much of the lace that will be worn at the Coronation will naturally be old, and not purchased for the occasion. All women of social position have a good stock of lace. The late Empress Frederick had a great deal. I was once shown a complete lace dress belonging to her, in the design of which there were medallions carrying alternately the arms of England, properly charged with the escutcheon of a Princess of Saxony (which dignity she held through her father), and the arms belonging to her as wife of the heir to the Prussian crown. This was of Brussels lace, and was, I understood, a wedding-gift to the Princess Royal from her uncle, the late King of the Belgians. A similar robe belongs to Queen Alexandra, the escutcheons in her case bearing the arms of a Princess of Denmark and those of the royal house of Britain alternately, connected by trails of roses, with the thistle and shamrock introduced. This tunic the Queen wore at her wedding, over a petticoat of white satin richly embroidered in silver, more of the same lace and silver embroidery trimming the low-cut bodice. At the Jubilee service in Westminster Abbey, Queen Alexandra wore but little lace; her robe was a long train

and dress of white and gold brocade, with a stomacher of flashing diamonds.

Her Majesty's attire at her Coronation is to be regulated by precedent; the Coronation robes of the last royal consort, Queen Adelaide, are still in existence, having become the perquisite of her Mistress of the Robes, in whose family they have remained till now, carefully preserved in a glass case, and thence they have recently been borrowed for Queen Alexandra's inspection.

"chère reine" (from whom Charing Cross is named) were united in their Coronation. The first of the endless blunders of the little Catholic Queen of Charles I. was that she absolutely refused to be crowned with him, or even to be present in the Abbey at his Coronation, because it was a Protestant ceremony. George IV., on the other hand, not only refused to let his wife be crowned at all, but actually engaged gangs of professional prize-fighters to keep her out of the Abbey when she appeared at the doors with a ticket borrowed from a friendly peeress merely to witness the ceremony.

Some guidance will be needed in due season as to the sort of dress that ladies attending the Coronation are to wear. Presumably it will be full Court dress, as this was worn at the Coronation of Queen Victoria. As far as the peeresses are concerned, indeed, it is essential that full dress should be worn, as there is one point in the ceremony at which they have all to put on their own coronets simultaneously—immediately after the crown is set on the Sovereign's head. "The acclamation when the crown was placed on her head was very animating," says Harriet Martineau, "and in the midst of it, in an instant of time, the peeresses were all coronetted. I had never before seen the full effect of diamonds; as the sunlight travelled, each peeress shone like a rainbow." The same authority describes the oddity of her own sensations in dressing in crêpe and lace and pearls at four o'clock in the morning, and says that, except for a few eccentric persons, "the whole assemblage was in full dress; the prevalence of Court dress among the men had a curious effect."

In a memorandum that the late Bishop of Durham has left he has expressed a desire that no subscriptions shall be collected for a memorial to him.

This question of memorials and the closely allied one of present-giving and tipping are for ever being raised and never settled. Gifts to the winners at croquet-matches or sets at tennis at garden parties, "favours" in cotillions at balls, "prizes"

for progressive whist, "prizes" at "book-teas," and so forth, have become a tax on entertainers. The harm is twofold; it spoils the tempers of guests, and it makes the simple hospitality that is so pleasant and desirable a means of social intercourse more difficult to maintain.

Enamelling is becoming more and more fashionable in jewellery. Quaint pieces of precious stones, that can hardly be utilised in the more ordinary settings, can be made into things of beauty by the aid of enamel. Pearls often are obtained in very fanciful shapes, and so are pieces of opal; and these in particular can be transformed into charming designs if enamel is employed. Hat-pins are veritable articles of jewellery at present, and enamel bears its part in their designing. An enamel marguerite in proper tints, with a diamond dewdrop in the centre, is one. Another has a round head of pink enamel studded with turquoises. Buckles, large and small, of gold in different colours and new-art notions, or of diamonds in designs copied from the artistic days of the fifteenth Louis, are as popular as ever. This is in part due to the noted productions of the Parisian Diamond Company, who have placed the most charming patterns in jewellery within the reach of women of modest means, the setting of their artificial stones being absolutely as fine as those of real gems. These ornaments would be appropriate in the centre of those rosettes of black chiffon that form so graceful a finish to the Directoire dinner or evening gown of white satin shown in our Illustration. The swathed bodice with the tiny basque and pleated elbow-sleeves, finished with a rosette, is pretty and uncommon; and white chiffon fills in the décolletage in part. The other is an Empire design for a dinner-dress; it is constructed of soft silk or Roman satin, edged with jewelled galon, and finished with white chiffon on which lace is richly applied.

The United States Courts have recently decided in favour of the Remington Typewriter Company a suit brought for the purposes of restraining another firm of writing-machine manufacturers from using the word "Remington" or the abbreviation "Rem." His Majesty the King has granted the Remington Company the Royal Warrant as typewriter-manufacturers.

FILomena.



A DINNER DRESS OF EMPIRE DESIGN.

A DIRECTOIRE EVENING OR DINNER GOWN.

Velvet is the chief material that is used. Queen Victoria was crowned as Sovereign, and wore the robes proper to that state; no ceremonies were altered or omitted for the female monarch, and she was vested with the sword and the spurs of knighthood, and married to the State with the Coronation-ring, and so on, as of course the Queen Consort will not be. It has frequently happened that English Queens have gone through the Coronation ceremony alone, their husbands having been already crowned Sovereigns of the land before their marriage; yet the ceremony of crowning the Queen Consort seems never to have been omitted. Sometimes they were crowned together, as we expect our royal couple to be. Edward I. and his



A PRESENTATION TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE.

Lady Sendall, wife of Sir Walter Sendall, was presented on July 25, at Georgetown, with a silver tea and coffee service on the occasion of her husband's relinquishing the Governorship of British Guiana. The silver plate, which was the gift of Lady Sendall's many friends in the colony, is of extremely chaste and handsome design, and was executed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb. It is a fine example of the silversmith's art.



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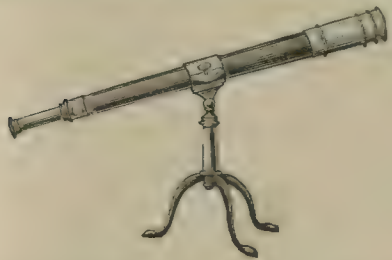
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## QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT COPENHAGEN.

On the morning of Aug. 17 Queen Alexandra left Hamburg for Copenhagen on board his Majesty's yacht *Osborne*. The Queen travelled by way of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, and arrived at Copenhagen on Tuesday, Aug. 20. On landing she was received by her father, the King of Denmark, and other members of the Danish royal family. The Queen proceeded to Bernstorff Castle, where she is at present staying.

## ECCLIESIASTICAL NOTES.

Canon Gore has closed the August course of sermons at Westminster Abbey, which have been so greatly appreciated alike by Londoners and by strangers from all parts of the country. He is by far the most popular Anglican preacher in London, and draws crowds not inferior to those attracted by Dean Farrar in his greatest days. Many of Canon Gore's hearers have lately expressed the wish that he would preach on Christian Science. He, if anyone, could place Mr. Eddy's teaching in its true relation, alike to science and to Christianity.

The Rev. William Weekes, late Rector of Mafeking, whose name became so well known during the siege, owing to the admirable help which he rendered to "B.-P.," now fills a larger sphere as Rector of Beaconsfield, one of the chief suburbs of Kimberley. During his recent visit to England Mr. Weekes was able to collect

nearly a thousand pounds in aid of the new church at Mafeking. The Rev. J. T. Darragh, Rector of Johannesburg, sailed for Cape Town at the beginning of last week.

Good progress has been made during recent months with the new parish church of St. James's, Muswell Hill. The seats are all taken, and the building is crowded at every service. The Vicar, the Rev. J. S. Whichelow, who has just returned from a holiday at Scarborough, has every reason to congratulate himself on the liberality of

seem equally contented. The Working Men's Meeting, which is always one of the most important held in Congress Week, will be addressed this year by the Bishop of Stepney, and the closing sermon at Chichester Cathedral will be delivered by the Bishop of Exeter.

Dr. Parker has been staying at Steephill Castle, Ventnor, with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Richards. He is not going abroad this summer, but will pay several country visits in England before resuming work at the City Temple.

his parishioners. Muswell Hill has not a few temporary churches and chapels. The Rev. Martin Blakelock, Incumbent of St. Andrew's, hopes before long to exchange his iron church for a more permanent structure. Several church bazaars have been held in this district, and others are being arranged for the autumn and spring. The rapid development of religious work in this suburb is not the least significant sign of its growth and prosperity.

The Bishop of Sierra Leone has been out of health since his arrival in England, and his doctor has advised him to rest as much as possible during his visit.

The Executive Committee of the Church Congress have taken infinite trouble in the preparation of their programme, and the result, on paper at least, is in every way satisfactory. The *Record* is gratified because so many Evangelical speakers are on the list, and the other Church papers



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## AT THE COURT OF HOMAGE.

Passing the Wheatsheaf Inn two nights ago, I was surprised to see the yellow brake undergoing a serious washing. This vehicle is of antique pattern and small use, a marriage or general election being the least of the calls to which it will respond. The landlady stood sunning herself in the afterglow that flooded the porch, and I asked on whose account the normal sleepiness of Waychester was to be disturbed. "'Tis for the Court," she replied; "it comes o' Thursday, the Court of the Manor, the Homage Court that meets every two year for the copyholders."

"And you have great times?" I suggested, seeing that the landlady was full of knowledge that she wished to share.

"They sit i' th' Manor House," she said, "an' in th' evenin' there's a dinner here for all th' Court and all th' copyholders."

With this knowledge I was not content, and rode on through lanes overblown with honeysuckle and dog-roses, past fields of yellowing corn to the old farmhouse where Joshua Foster lives. He is the oldest and largest copyholder in the Manor of Waychester, a man of knowledge and integrity, and though he is of great age his eye is not dim nor is his natural force abated. He was making a round of byre and stall preparatory to supping.

"There's little copyhold now," he said, pausing by a two-century-old barn. "Most of it's a-been franchised, so the Court comes but once in two years. They will drive fra th' station i' th' yellow brake, an' th' Court will 'semble i' th' Manor House, an' th' Steward will say: 'Master Joshua Foster; is he alive?' and I ups and says 'Yes,' an' then they'll inquire o' me concernin' th' manor lands."

"What will they want to know?" I inquired.

"If't be that persons a-cut down trees, or made a sale o' their copyhold property, or removed timber, or taken turf from th' Loords o' th' Manor; then they calls upon me, an' I says all I know, on oath. An' in th' evenin' all th' copyholders do have a dinner wi' th' Court itself, an' th' homage-men gets half-a-crown."

Thus "Master" Joshua Foster, who, coming from the North into a Southern county, has combined the accents of the two in manner strange to hear.

Thursday morning brought the Court to the station by the early train from town. Everybody who was not at

work in the fields seemed to be at the station: shopkeepers left their counters; some of the old pensioners of Waychester, who do no work, had walked a couple of miles to see the Court, of whose functions they entertained the haziest notions. Certain veterans who had seen or been told of Courts of Assize were heard to declare that the visitors had power over life and limb, and wondered audibly whether certain poachers and loafers would dare to abide their coming.

Man cannot live by the exercise of authority alone, and the Court, tired by its journey from London and long drive in the yellow brake, fortified itself with lunch. A short interval devoted to a cigar soothed the nerves of the Court, and prepared it for the arduous labours to follow. Messengers, conscious of their responsibility, had been sent to the "homage-men," and when the adjournment was made to the court-room there were no fewer than four tenants present. The Steward took his seat at the head of the table spread with pens and ink and paper and plans, and he said gravely to the Clerk, "Open the Court."

The Clerk rose obediently, and went to the door that looks out over the meadows to the high-road. He stood under the porch, and cried in sonorous voice—

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez.

All manner of persons who do owe suit and service to this Court, now to be holden in and for the Manor of Waychester with pelt and fee, Draw Near, and give your attendance and perform your suits and services according to the custom of the said Manor.

God Save the King, and the Lord of the Manor.

The swallows, startled at the sound, wheeled round and round the worthy Clerk; from some cherry-tree in the orchard a blackbird whistled derisively; a shepherd-boy, crossing the meadow, stayed to stare, and that was all. Some of the men who hold land on copyhold tenure were in the court-room already; others who responded to the call in years past are sleeping so soundly in the shadow of the elms beyond Waychester Church that the summons was no more to them than the cawing of the rooks overhead. But the Clerk had done his duty as in manner bound, and he returned to the Court conscious of a responsible task duly performed.

"Joshua Foster," cried the Court, staring straight at the old farmer; "is he alive?"

"Yes, I be," replied Joshua, starting hastily to his feet and arranging his neckerchief, and was straightway

enjoined to remember his oath and do his service—which he did—proving to the satisfaction of the honourable Court that no man, had died, or cut trees, or taken turf, or sold land, or in any way violated the rights of the mysterious Lords of the Manor, who are in reality two wealthy corporations centuries old. Moreover, Joshua declared, with all proper respect for form and ceremony, that no tenant had left land or tenements unoccupied, and that there was but one dwelling-house to be "declared," and that was for the last time. Thereupon the Court broke up, and the yellow chariot carried it down to the tiny skeleton of a cottage on the banks of the Whitewater—a cottage whose owner died six years ago or more, leaving no heir wealthy enough to pay the fine required by the Court for re-admission. To-day it is a sorry wreck; the roof has fallen in and the windows have fallen out, the thatch is broken, and the woodwork is worm-eaten; it is not worth the cost of the brake's hire. Twice the Court has journeyed there and made solemn declaration to the house that its tenantless condition would bring about forfeiture; now the last of the three calls demanded by the law was to be made. So the Steward advanced from the road, passed the strip of garden where hollyhocks ran wild and a few currant and gooseberry bushes seemed to thrive in despite of boys and blackbirds. He placed his hand upon the door and called all Waychester and environs to bear witness that he took possession of the house in the name of the Lords of the Manor, "for lack of a tenant." By the side of the hedge stood a Waychester agricultural labourer leaning on a spade and striving, without much success, to hide the fact that he had some remote interest in those premises. A whisper passed round that this was the heir-at-law, unable to pay the Lords of the Manor their fine by reason of his improvidence. For he has no more than five small children and a wife, and he often earns full fourteen shillings a week, of which but half-a-crown goes for rent. He has been heard to speak ill of Manor Courts and discuss the Lords of the Manor in terms of regrettable license—not hesitating to say that the "claimed" cottage in which he and his father happened to be born is worth more to him than it would ever be to Lords of the Manor. Unfortunately, though Waychester has stocks and whipping-post, they may no longer be used, and the Manor Lords can take no action. These be degenerate days.



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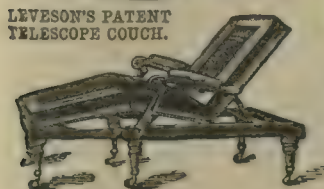
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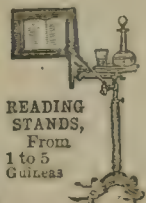
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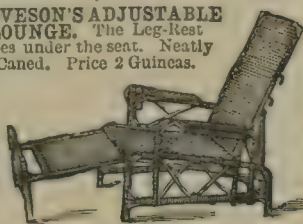


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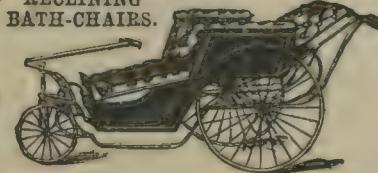
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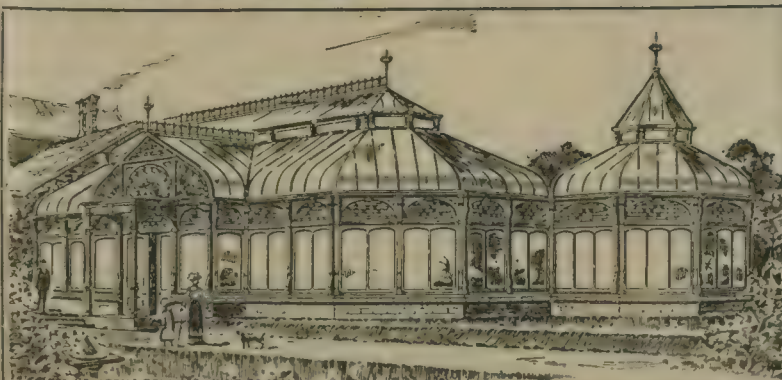
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 25, 1900) of Mr. Charles Joseph Whittuck Rabbits, J.P., of 8, Palace Gate, Kensington, and of Sunbury, who died on July 2, was proved on Aug. 15 by William Thomas Rabbits, the brother, and Frederick Lowe, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £321,179. The testator gives his lands and farms at St. George's, near Bristol, to his son Charles Whittuck; £1000 and his jewels and household furniture, and the use, for life, of 8, Palace Gate, to his wife, Mrs. Louise Martha Rabbits; shares in Rabbits and Sons of the value of £5000 to his brother William Thomas; of £5000 each to his sisters Mrs. Lydia Jane Hennell and Mrs. Mary Ann Gullick; of £2000 each to Harry Timbs Gullick and Edward Swash; and of £1000 to Frederick Lowe; and legacies to servants and persons in the employ of Rabbits and Sons. His executors are empowered, at their absolute discretion, to continue for five years his subscriptions and pensions to the various benefit clubs or societies in connection with the said firm, but such payments are not to exceed £3000. All his shares and debentures and interest in the said firm he gives to his children, and the issue of any deceased child, the share of each of his sons to be four

times as much as the share of each of his daughters, but such gift is to be subject to the payment of £3000 per annum to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children and the issue of any deceased child.

The will (dated July 7, 1901) of Colonel Mortimer Hancock, J.P., of 6, Palmeira Avenue, Hove, and Roxley Court, Willian, near Hitchin, who died on July 13, was proved on Aug. 17 by his sons, Mortimer Pawson Hancock and Douglas Mortimer Hancock, and his brother-in-law Montague Pawson, the executors, the value of the estate being £125,396. He bequeaths to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Jane Hancock, an annuity of £1500, and the use and enjoyment of his house at Hove, with the furniture and effects therein, and, subject to his wife's interest, the said house and furniture are to go to his daughter Adeline. The residue of his property he leaves to his three children in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 10, 1897), with a codicil (dated March 31, 1900), of Mr. Henry Farquhar Scott, of 12, Bolton Street, Piccadilly, who died on June 14, has just been proved by Sir Samuel Edward Scott, Bart., the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate being £98,439. The testator gives two several sums of £50,000,

upon trust, for his sister Mabel Emilie Green; £50,000, upon trust, for his sister Lady Ann Louisa Marsham; £10,000, upon trust, for his niece Gwendolin Vane Hay; and a conditional annuity of £600 to Mrs. Daisy Miller. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother.

The will (dated May 13, 1896) of Miss Catharine Shaw Stewart Osborne, of Abbotsford, Nairn, who died on Jan. 15 last, has been proved by Earl Manvers and Frank Gore Browne, the executors, the value of the estate being £74,000. Subject to a legacy of £200 to Frank Gore Browne, the testatrix leaves all her property, upon trust, for her nephew, Horatio John Ross, on his attaining twenty-one years of age.

The will (dated April 6, 1888), with two codicils (dated Feb. 10, 1890, and Nov. 1, 1892), of Mr. Thomas Samuel Ward Wild, of 98, Highbury New Park, who died on May 12, has been proved by Miss Eliza Billing, the sister-in-law, Thomas Frederick Wild, the son, and Miss Louisa Wild, the daughter, three of the executors, the value of the estate being £70,462. The testator gives £11,000 consolidated stock, upon trust, for his daughter Emma; £8000 stock and his freehold premises in St. Kilda Road, Stoke Newington, to his son Thomas



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Both  
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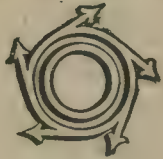
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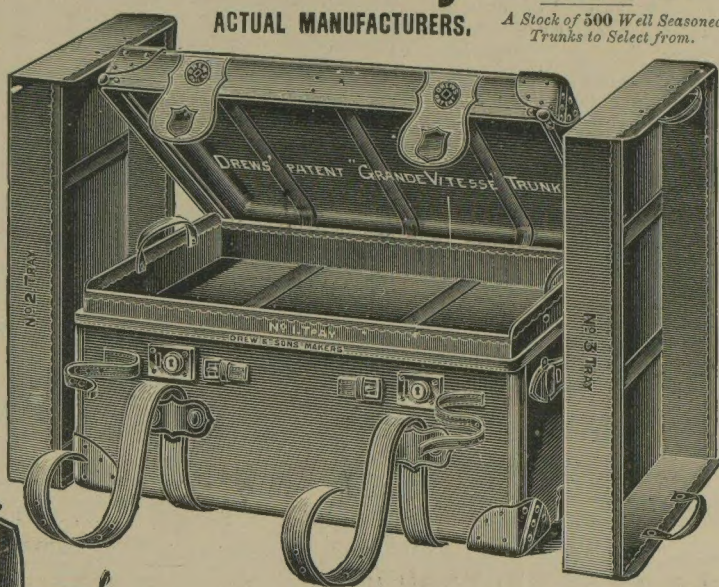


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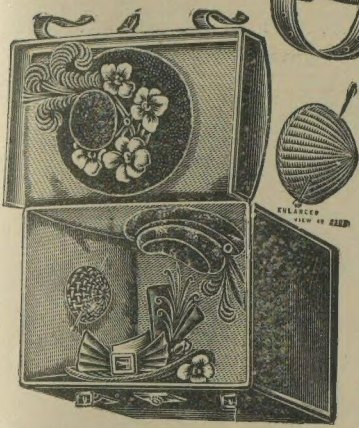
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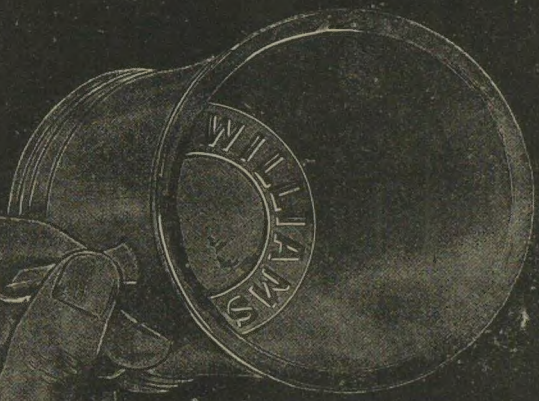
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Either Weight.WITH SPATS,  
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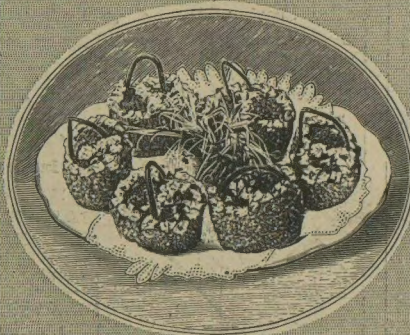
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Ingredients for Batter—1 egg, 4 ozs. flour, 2 gill milk, salt.

Ingredients for Fricassée—2 ozs. cooked ham cut in dice, 1 lb. cooked lean veal cut in dice, 1 pt. white sauce, 1 teaspoonful Lemco.

Seasoning, 1 hard boiled egg as garnish, Parsley stalks for handles.

**Method.**—Make a thick batter with flour, egg and milk, beat well, and stand  
one hour. Take a "fritter mould" and make it hot in deep fat, hold the hot  
mould in the batter until it becomes coated with a batter coating, then place the  
mould in hot fat again for a few minutes; as soon as the batter becomes a golden  
brown it will slip off the mould easily. Warm sauce and Lemco together, add  
veal, ham, and seasoning, and allow to become thoroughly hot; then fill each  
basket with this mixture, decorate some with chopped white of egg, and others  
with the yolk rubbed through a sieve, sprinkle a little chopped parsley on each,  
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Frederick; £300, his household furniture, and £9000 stock, to his wife, Mrs. Emma Wild; £6100 stock each, upon trust, for his daughters Mrs. Sarah King and Mrs. Anne Amelia Hall; £8000 stock each, upon trust, for his daughters Elizabeth, Louisa, and Ada Eliza; and £100 to Miss Billing. The residue of his property he leaves between his wife and children, except his daughter Emma.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1895) of the Hon. Oliver Smith, senior Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Mauritius, of 12, King's Bench Walk, Temple, who died on April 17, has been proved by Mrs. Marion Beatrice Smith, the widow, and Mr. Patrick Fleming Evans, the executors, the value of the estate being £41,586. The testator gives £200 to Mr. Evans; £100 to William Frederick Alphonso Archibald; and the income of the

residue of his property to his wife during her life or widowhood. Subject thereto his property is to go to his child or children.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1900) of Mr. Wilfrid Campbell Wilson, of 10, Grosvenor Square, and Ercildoune, Victoria, Australia, a Lieutenant in the Imperial Yeomanry, who died on Feb. 20 at Hartebeestfontein, was proved on Aug. 14 by Clarence Chesney Wilson and Herbert Haydon Wilson, the brothers, the value of the estate being £34,902. The testator gives £20,000 to his mother, Lady Wilson; £10,000 each to his sisters the Countess of Huntingdon, Adeline Constance, and Florence Mabel; and the residue of his property to his two brothers.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1900) of Mr. Henry Phelps Dangar, of 17, Pall Mall, who died on July 10, was proved

on Aug. 8 by the Rev. Wilfrid Seymour Tupholme and Captain Edward Woodriff Jaffray, the executors, the value of the estate being £24,587. The testator bequeaths his jewels and personal articles to Violet Gertrude Twining. The residue of his property he leaves as to four fifths to Violet Gertrude Twining and one fifth to his brother Dudley Richard Dangar.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1802) of Mr. Robert Rankin MacIver, of Rothay Bank, Ambleside, and of Liverpool, who died on June 5, was proved on Aug. 9 by Charles MacIver, the brother, and Arthur Fulton Squarey, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £31,575. The testator gives £500, and his household furniture, carriages and horses, and the income of his residuary estate, to his wife, Mrs. Maude MacIver. Subject thereto his property is to be divided between his children.

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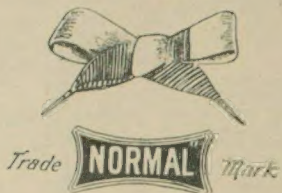
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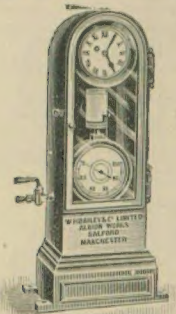


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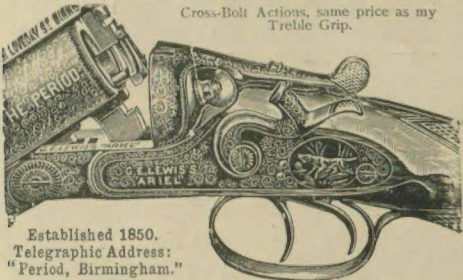
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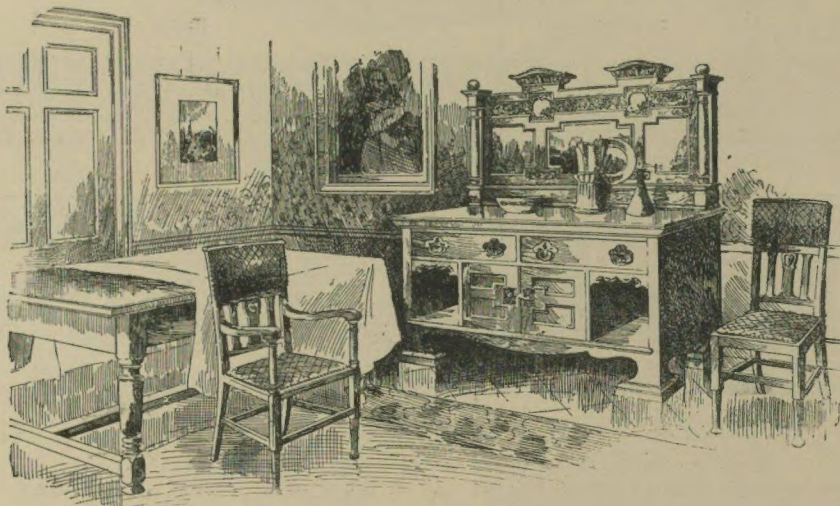
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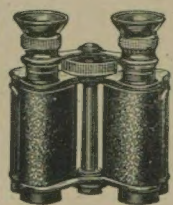
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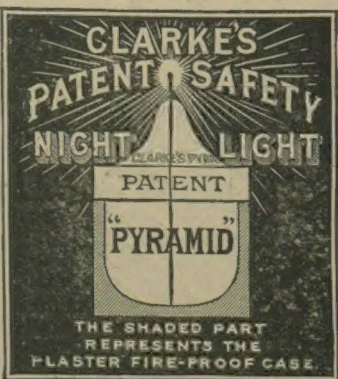
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